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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE Thirty-seventh New England Anti-Slavery Convention was held in Boston, at the Meionaon, under a call by the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, on Wednesday, May 29th. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and among the audience were very many of the long tried and faithful friends of the slave, who, having borne "the burden and heat of the day," are still ready to labor, until the full fruition of their toil and hope is attained, and the rights of the black race placed beyond the reach of prejudice or passion, on the indestructible basis of Constitutional law. The presence of the venerable Lucretia Mott, and her active participancy in the proceedings, were especially gratifying.

The Convention was called to order at 10 o'clock by Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, who briefly addressed the audience. He referred to the fact that for thirty-seven years the Abolitionists had been laboring in this cause, and said that to him, it was a melancholy thought, that they still found it necessary to assemble together and continue the agitation. He had a feeling of melancholy, also, at the past delinquency of the church. He believed that if the church and the ministry had been true to their obligations to plead for the oppressed, if they had done their duty, we never should have had the recent atrocious rebellion. He had heard a good deal that was good, as far as it went, at the various anniversary meetings, in advocacy of the special interests of the several sects and societies, but he had heard not one word in regard to the higher interests of humanity—the rights of man and the rights of woman. This Convention had assembled to discuss those interests, to repeat their remonstrance against wrong, and to do what they might to inaugurate a system of moral influences which should result in the entire emancipation of men and women from the wrongs under which they suffer.

The following Committees were then appointed :

Nominating Committee—Joshua T. Everett, Aaron M. Powell, Mr. Heywood, of Scituate.

Business Committee—Wendell Phillips, Abby Kelley Foster, C. K. Whipple, A. M. Powell, R. P. Hollowell.

Finance Committee—Joshua T. Everett, Sallie Holley, R. H. Ober, Mrs. Frances Drake, Mrs. Mary C. Sawyer.

Mr. PHILLIPS from the Business Committee, submitted the following resolutions :

Resolved, That in the long suffering of this nation under the crafty policy of Andrew Johnson, "patience" has "had its perfect work," and, in such ill-judged forbearance we recognize not the virtue of a great magnanimity, but the folly and wickedness of a short-sighted moral sense and a connivance at wrong.

Resolved, That this Convention, by the New England sentiment of justice which it represents, as by every other broader consideration of duty, is called upon to make earnest protest against any longer denial, to the colored people, of all the social and political rights to which they are so clearly entitled.

Resolved, That the recent riot in Mobile, is but another evidence of the reviving insolence of the defeated rebels, and of their determination to re-enact resistance to the legal and loyal authorities of our government on every available opportunity.

Resolved, That in the shameful reticence of the so-called Christian pulpit on those great social and vital themes, setting them aside as only *political* subjects; in the timid and selfish reservations and wordly motives of the church and the ministry, which claim to be the anointed moral instructors of the people, and in the general time-serving policy of religious organizations, we see, in the last analysis, quite as fruitful a cause of all our social and political troubles, as in the shortcomings of our Congress, the bad policy of the President, or the general inertness of the people, bad as all these are.

Resolved, That in the release of Jefferson Davis, we see proof that the South is still triumphant in the Executive council; and in the manner in which it has been received by influential representatives of both parties, we see lamentable evidence of a disposition to postpone the safety of the nation to the supposed interests of party.

Resolved, That as, in the case of the masses, the possession of land is almost the only guarantee of safety and independence, we see urgent call for a large measure of confiscation at the South, both as an act of justice, and to secure the success of the new order of things; to give the negro race that basis of independent action without which the ballot is so often a mere shadow.

The Committee on Nominations reported the following list of officers :

President—Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT.

Vice-Presidents—Benj. T. Hutchinson, of N. H.; Elizabeth B. Chase, of R. I.; Bourne Spooner of Mass.

Secretaries—C. K. Whipple, Caroline M. Severance.

The report was accepted, and these officers elected.

Loud calls were then made for Mr. Phillips, and as he came forward to respond, he was greeted with hearty applause.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. CHAIRMAN : The resolutions which have just been read, covering the situation of the country on this question, both religiously and politically, are of course offered by the Business Committee somewhat as a guide to the discussions of the Convention during the day. Of course, as is usual on these occasions, the Business Committee will welcome the suggestion of any new points, or resolutions themselves, which any member of the Convention may wish to bring to the attention of the assembly.

It seems to me that we are entering, this Summer, upon the last great effort of the leaders of the Republican party to manipulate the Southern States into such a shape that they can trust them in the year 1868. I think it is quite evident, from the action of representative men and journals, that the leading Republicans, excepting the most radical, represented, perhaps, by Thaddeus Stevens and a dozen like him, consider it a foregone conclusion that the Southern States are to vote in the Presidential election of 1868; that the party cannot afford, as an organization, to risk the further exclusion of the Southern States. They are afraid of some fancied reaction in the tone of Northern opinion on this subject. As a party, whatever may be their individual opinions, they dare not risk the measure of excluding the Southern States beyond the Summer which succeeds to this. Of course, therefore, their main anxiety is to manipulate those States, that prior to that admission they may be reasonably certain that the vote of each State will be thrown in their favor—will give to their candidate such support as will continue the helm of the nation in so-called Republican hands. Of course, too, in this effort, the purpose is to bring the Republican candidate down to that level by which he can touch hands with Southern opinion, of some sort or other; for in all party measures, the object is essentially a compromise—to bring both parties to the point where they will touch each other. Raising the Southern States by lectures, by newspapers, by all the admitted means of agitation, up to a comprehension of and an interest in the loyal programme, they mean to come down in their candidate to a level that will secure these States. Unless, we are ready to admit, then, that Southern opinion, white and black, is more radical than that of the masses which compose the Republican party in the North, there is very great danger that in this effort to secure Southern votes, we sink the Republican platform, the men who stand upon it, and the Presidential ticket, to a very low level. That is the danger of the coming Summer, it seems to me. In other words, suppose we take a man like Grant, to represent the national purpose of the Presidential ticket for 1868. Nobody knows what Grant's opinions or politics are. He is committed to nothing; he guarantees nothing; he represents nothing; and, consequently, whatever the exigency of the hour in the future may make it necessary that he should represent, he is the material that can be used for that purpose, when it explains itself. The danger, of course, is, under these circumstances, that in order to secure the apparent triumph of the party, the continuance of the domination of the organized Republican mass, we sink out of sight the great ideas that are connected with an absolute guaranty, with a perfect certainty, that the South will be arranged and remodelled on a basis securing to the negro, beyond contingency, all his political and civil rights. We lose that, possibly, in this effort; we are in great danger of losing it. At present, as every man knows, Congress being committed to the policy of the military bill, if the President should violently oppose it, fling himself against it, as he has done in times past, Congress would be raised to still further aggression upon Executive usurpation, and, instead of viewing this bill as a finality, would go forward as it has done in every instance hitherto, and demand still further and more perfect guarantees of the Southern States before they are admitted. The President, on the contrary, seems to be sailing quietly in that channel which will leave Congress no pretense of action, but at the same time give very little real, absolute, substantial gain under the wings of the Military bill. Under these circumstances, the anti-slavery sentiment, the nucleus, the ground-work, the original centre of the Republican movement, has but one function; it ought to have but one purpose; it has but one duty; and that is, fixing its eyes singly and solely on the condition of the negro, without regard to Presidential candidates, to the admission, now or at any future time, of States, or to any political arrangements, we should devote ourselves singly and exclusively to securing, out of this medley, the absolute certainty, so far as national organization admits it, that the question of color, the issue of race, the idea of any distinction between men on account of their blood, shall be hereafter forever excluded from American politics. (Applause.) As I read it, we have but one purpose, and that is, to draw out, to eliminate from the national issues all questions of race. It is not for us to say whether suffrage shall be universal, whether it shall be founded on property or education, or what it shall be founded upon, in the Southern or the Northern States; but it is our duty, as a party representing an idea and consecrated to its accomplishment, to say that no civil, no social, no political right shall in any instance, in any part of the nation, be dependent on race; especially that the negro race shall not be excluded from any right on account of their blood. When we have accomplished that, when we have put that guarantee into the United States Constitution, we can dissolve—we have done our work. When once the nation is absolutely, irrevocably pledged to the principle that there shall be no recognition of race by the United States or by State law, then the work of the great anti-slavery movement which commenced in 1831, is accomplished. It is more than possible, it is easily probable, that during the coming Summer, with proper exertions on the part of the leaders of the Republican movement, that could be accomplished. We could just as well put the idea of the Military bill into the United States Constitution, if the great political leaders would claim it, as we could put that bill on the statute-book—exactly. The Northern people are ready, not for any specific, admitted movement, but they are ready for anything which their trusted leaders tell them is necessary to complete the great victory to which they have given so much money and so much blood. All we have got to do is to keep the people up to that general demand, and at the same time to bring it home to the assured convictions of the Republican leaders that they are never to be left alone until that demand is complied with; that the agitation is never to be relaxed; that the voice of the people is never to be smothered; that no Presidential candidate will be allowed to run a free course; that if they put into the field an uncommitted, an unpledged man, like Sherman, or Grant, or Fessenden, they risk the adhesion of large portions of the Republican party itself. If we are able to do that, we can clutch out of these coming two years, the whole victory on this question of race.

Senator Wilson has been at the South, Judge Kelley has been at the South, it is said that Anna Dickinson is going to the South. The Republican leaders are moving heaven and earth to cover all that territory with their organized effort, in order that they may conciliate the half-way sentiment of the North within the coming twelve months by admitting the South. They hope to form, out of the conservative loyalism of the North and the Republicans, an overwhelming party. Mr. Seward stands at the side, representing a class of men who hope to form out of that same conservative North and that South, and the discontented elements of the Republican party, an organization that will take from the hands of Sumner and Stevens and Wade the control of the government, and give it to some phase of public opinion much narrower and more exclusive. No time, therefore, no time now for us either to relax our testimony or keep it back. We are needed more than ever. We are forming public sentiment for the great struggle of 1868, the most important that ever took place on this continent, for this generation, and perhaps the next. We are forming the public purpose which is to decide around whom the North shall rally in that struggle for the control of the nation. Whoever sees the decision of that Presidential election in November of 1868 will see the fate of this question settled, as I think. We shall see and know then exactly how much, for the coming ten or fifteen years, we get out of this war. If we get a mind like that of Stevens—I do not say the man, because the weight of his years, perhaps, renders it impossible that he should assume the burden of the Presidency; but if we get a man of that kind of mind and purpose, this revolution is to be a complete success. Economically, politically, constitutionally viewed, it is to be a complete success. The morning papers contain the last letter from Thaddeus Stevens, showing his view on that most important of all the issues now pending, if we may consider that of suffrage partially settled; and that is the question of confiscation—a large confiscation of Southern land; necessary, as an act of justice, as he clearly puts it, to the plundered North, to the loyalty of the border States, peeled and penniless through the attacks of rebels—rebels who are themselves going back to princely estates, under the pardon of the President. In that point of view the question of confiscation is excessively important, but a more important consideration still is this. We are a Republic, not yet a hundred years old. If events favor us, we are to last a thousand years. In every other government under constitutional institutions, there have been always, inevitably, frequent rebellions. The minority does not sit down contented when it is outvoted. The history of the Republics on the borders of the Mediterranean, the history of the monarchies in Central Europe, shows that in the nature of man it is impossible that there should not be once in every other generation a revolution. The conduct of the government to-day, the conduct of the nation to-day, in treating this first great effort of a minority to dispute the ballot-box, will fix the policy of all coming time, to a great extent. The Jefferson Davis of a hundred years hence, sitting in his study and balancing his chances, a baffled party chief to carry out his purpose on the battle-field when he is defeated at the ballot-box, will look back to this hour to find out how much he puts at risk. If he sees in the great picture of 1867 the scaffold on one side, and confiscation on the other, he will consider long and hesitate many a year before he breaks into violence from the orderly struggle of political parties. But if the Jefferson Davis of the next generation shall read in history that his predecessor of to-day, instead of forfeiting his life, was received with an ovation, as it were; his release made matter of public congratulation; if he shall see him go home to his plantation, worth a million, on the banks of the Mississippi, and die the holder of it; if he shall see Gov. Aiken, Johnston, Hardee, Beauregard, and the other rebel leaders die in their beds, millionaires, forfeiting neither civil right, property, nor life, how large the temptation for another Aaron Burr or another Jefferson Davis in the coming time to try his fortunes at the expense of a quarter of million of lives and two or three thousand millions of dollars! The action of to-day is to weigh in the scale of that future conspiracy which will wreck the peace and mortgage the industry of coming centuries. It is in that light especially important that the purpose of the Executive in the next administration, should, if possible, be reinforced with a decisive loyalty; that Congress itself, when it comes together next December, should stamp treason as not the cheapest amusement that a man can indulge in, as not the easy path to notoriety and fame; but as something that is a careful treading between poverty on the one side and the scaffold on the other—no leading man to avoid either.

Again, look at the negro. Suppose him vested with civil rights, suppose him vested with political rights—what is to be his guarantee? Senator Wilson goes South and says to the Southern white men "You have deluged the land in blood; you have filled it with graves; you have mortgaged its industry for two generations; you have marred the page of American history as no other page is marred; you have risen in rebellion against the most beneficent government on the face of the earth—we forgive you! But, mind! if the negro votes the Republican ticket, and you turn him out of his place, then expect the vengeance of an insulted nation! What a miserable and impotent conclusion! Jefferson Davis may give us Andersonville and Libby Prison, seven years of war, death under every roof—no matter; the loyalty of the North forgives him; allows him to go at large; or, if he ever returns to Richmond, it is only to take part in a farce that shall still further disgrace the government. But if a black man ventures to vote the Republican ticket, and is punished for it, then see what the Republican party will do! They will do nothing for the country, but they will do everything for their ballot-box! That is no security for the negro. The white man of the South, who knows he has led this nation the dance of war for seven years and been forgiven, knows he may do what he pleases with the black man and the ballot, and he will still be forgiven. He has tried the very worst and bloodiest crime he can commit against the nation, and we dare not punish him. Will he hesitate at the comparatively indifferent and insignificant menace of revenging on the negro his voting against his own wishes? Nonsense! What we want to give the negro is what the masses must have, or they are practically serfs, the world over. John Bright is anxious to give the ballot to the unrepresented peasantry of England. It is a great movement. It is the first step in the most beneficent change possible. No doubt of it. But suppose he gave the ballot to the peasantry of England, and at the same time one hundred and fifty families owned one-half of that island—do you think that ballot would be anything but a shadow? Why, there was a time when voting was almost universal in Ireland. The right was, by a trick of certain men, carried to the extent that it gave almost universal suffrage. It was nothing but a name, because the voter had not a square foot of land on which he could stand to give his vote; he had not an acre to which he could retire from the persecutions of landlordism. He was nothing but an appendage to an estate. Go into one of our factory towns. A dozen men own it. The factory operative, and the minister who preaches on Sunday are equally part of the machinery, because, ground up in the great, unsatisfied maw of wealth, they have no background of independence.

The North is to remember, in this struggle for any permanent independence on the part of the black race, that it must give them some means to defy the white man, who says—"Vote my ticket, or I won't give you a day's work next week." Mr. Wilson's threat to the white men of the South is good for a season; it may have a slight effect for a month; but the white man knows that in the long run, with a peasantry having no reserved force, it is the brains and the land that will give the character to those ten States; and as long as the South can hold its resolution, as long as it can cling to its present purpose not to divide up the great landed estates, it is certain, once inside the Union, to govern it as it used to do. Thadd eus Stevens, therefore, is, in the statesmanlike sense, perfectly right when he says, the completion of this great act demands a large measure of compensation, in order that we may not only pay the plundered North out out of the still rich estates of the rebels, but that we may give to every father in the South forty acres—the guaranty that he shall dare to throw an independent ballot. (Applause.)

Let us, therefore, demand of the government a guaranty in the U. S. Constitution that in no future contingency shall the ballot be taken from the black man. It seems to be considered, generally, that having once got it, there is no possibility of his ever being deprived of it. In a general sense, that is true. There is no general probability, so large is the mass of the negro race. But we are to remember that woman once voted in New Jersey, and she was one-half the population. She does not vote to-day. We must remember that the free blacks of Tennessee voted in that State down to 1834. They are a large body. By what chicanery and intrigue was it that that large body of free blacks, able in many countries to hold the balance betwixt rival parties, were cheated out of their rights by the State Constitution of 1834? No man can intelligently explain that. Still, it was done. Had you said to any thinker outside of Tennessee, in 1834, "Here are thousands of men, only distinguished by their color, they are able to hold the balance betwixt Democrat and Whig; they hold their ballot by virtue of that single fact, that they do hold the balance;" and had you asked him the question, "Is it possible to rob them of that ballot, in this state of things?" he would have laughed at you. He would have said, "They stand like Switzerland—an insignificant country in itself, but such a pivot in the arrangements of European politics, that it has never been possible to crush its independence." That was the position of the free colored vote of Tennessee, and yet it was crushed.

Some men seem to think that because we have got a policy established by the Military bill, it is impossible it should ever be put back. But suppose, in 1823, after the great triumph of the North in the Missouri Compromise, when every man settled down into the sincere conviction that that was an established fact, anybody had prophesied, "You shall live to see that Missouri Compromise voted out of the Senate and House, and scouted," he would have been laughed at. But we have lived to see the day when, under a corrupt Union of half the North with the South, that Missouri Compromise, the strongest act ever done by this government—one that saved the Union—one under which every man, of every party, for thirty years, settled down—was scattered to the winds by the demagogueism that grew out of the Kansas difficulty. I hold it by no means an impossibility that even the political rights of the negro race shall be placed again and again in great jeopardy on this continent. I should not think it an absolute impossibility if the U. S. Constitution itself guaranteed them; for we have five millions of unconverted white men at the South, who have hated this government ever since they were boys; who hate it twice as much to-day as they did in 1860, because they have been whipped, and who have never surrendered—not one of them—the purpose to strike back at this government on the first opportunity. Let a heavy debt hang round the neck of this nation; let the time come when our government cannot easily borrow money; let a foreign war be upon its hands; let the Executive be pushed into a critical position by foreign complications, and it will be a miracle if the white men of the South do not in some large measure avail themselves of the opportunity to disturb the peace of the nation; and it will be a still greater miracle if, such an opportunity occurring, they do not force upon the nation a compromise, to prevent such an outbreak, by some measurable sacrifice of the point in dispute, the position of the black race. I think, therefore, that the generation which follows ours is not to have an easy bed on which to rest. Like the generation in England which followed '88, they will have to fight hard to keep what their fathers won. Like every generation in Holland, they will have to work industriously to keep perfect the bulwarks which their ancestors built against this great evil. It will require a long, long time, to rid the national bones and muscle of this prejudice against the black race. The Anglo-Saxon blood is the last to let prejudice be eradicated out of it. The great Northwest is very radical. They are more radical than we are; they are angrier than we are; they are more ready for confiscation than we are; but there is not one single atom of justice to the negro in all their feelings; there is not one single atom of right. The South endeavored to steal the Mississippi from the West; they have not forgotten it. Western young men have peopled every graveyard south of Kentucky; they have not forgotten it; and the name that stirs the greatest enthusiasm west of Cincinnati is Butler (applause), because they understand him to represent the idea of vengeance unsatisfied. That is the reason why Butler's name swells like Niagara over every Western audience. Not because they have forgotten their prejudice against the negro; not because they are fuller than we are of a sense of impartial justice to races. Oh, no. They have eradicated hardly one fibre of that prejudice; but the West has wrongs to avenge, and a future to secure against the possible recurrence of those wrongs. The West, therefore, will join, with us or without us, in this effort to put the South where she belongs; but it is not from any sympathy with the negro. I would give a hundred times as much for the radicalism of New England, as I would for the radicalism of the Northwest, because, whatever radicalism there is in New England is a radicalism of principle. It is a radicalism which has grown out of thirty years agitation; a radicalism which looks to justice as the corner-stone of that future; which does not ask for vengeance; which knows that we can afford to disregard Jefferson Davis. Mr. Greeley seems to think that those of us who still speak of Jefferson Davis want him punished. We can afford to disregard the Jefferson Davises multiplied by thousands. We can absorb a million of them (laughter) before breakfast without disturbing our digestion. Jefferson Davis is but a straw on the surface of present affairs. His only value is as an index to the mood of the Executive; as an index to the purposes of the Northern people. When the Executive releases him and sends him forth without any fear of further legal proceedings, to my mind it is the bid of Andrew Johnson for the support of ten States. Although he may never be President, it is the bid of that section of the North which he represents for the vote of the South. When you turn to the North, on the other hand, and see the manner in which that act has been received, you see not only a bail-bond headed by Gerrit Smith and Horace Greeley, but the Union League Club of New York, defied by Horace Greeley and conquered—not daring to censure, not daring to utter one word of rebuke against that act of one of the leaders of the Republican party, fraternizing with the bloodiest hand of the century. The Union League Club of New York represents the most decisive, the most liberal, the most energetic mind of the Republican party in that State; the men who compose it are the tallest and strongest men in the radical wing of the Republican party; and yet, when one of their own number undertakes to cover the leader of the rebellion with his sanction, they dare not rebuke him. Just imagine defferson Davis, as he will stand in history, surrounded by the men that history will group around him. On his right is Forrest, pale with remorse at the memory of the massacre of Fort Pillow. On his left stands Quantrell and his fellow-assassins, covered with the blood of old men, women and children. All around him are negroes massacred everywhere, under all circumstances. Before him is the gaunt despair of Libby Prison; the starving idiocy of Andersonville is behind him. Thus surrounded, a supposed leader of Northern sentiment hurries hundreds of miles to grasp that right hand—the vilest hand of the nineteenth century—and offer congratulations on the disgrace of the nation (loud applause); and when the radicalism of the North looks at that bloody picture, it is cowed down by the defiance of the editor of the *Tribune*, and dare not utter one word of rebuke! Why is it? Because those men know to-day, that in their own hearts they are questioning whether, after all, Mr. Greeley's attitude is not the surest card for 1868. They forget the great epoch of the nation, or, if they do not forget it, they do not understand it. I think Horace Greeley has not the beginning of a comprehension of the epoch in which he lives. God meant him for a simple-hearted, honest man, and he supposes that he is an acute knave. (Laughter and applause.) And while he acts out this assumed part of Talleyrand and Metternich, supposes he is planting his chess-board for success in 1868. The lunacy of the individual is nothing; but the fact that his own comrades, counting the pulses of Northern purpose, dare not rebuke it, is a lamentable and momentous fact. It is a fact which shows us that in this great coming Presidential struggle, a hard effort will be made to hold the North to the purpose which the condition of the nation requires. I wish I could make every honest Republican announce beforehand, that if an uncommitted, neutral doughface, like a great general, is nominated for the presidency, they will split the party. (Applause.) I wish I could make every Republican announce, that unless that party goes into the election, not only with a man but with a principle on their flag, the men behind it will not stir hand or foot for its success. I do not care for the nominal triumph of the Republican party. I recognize as clearly as an any man does that in the present moment there is no available channel through which to operate except the Republican party; but at the same time, I look upon a nominal without an actual triumph of the Republican principle as almost worse than its defeat. We can stand a defeat. We can stand a Bull Run. That did not hurt the nation; it helped it. The thing that came near killing us was Atlanta. It was success culminating on success. It gave us Lincoln—a great mistake; it almost gave us Sherman surrendering to Johnston. In politics, the same is true. We can survive a Bull Run in the defeat of a so-called Republican candidate in 1868; in my opinion, we cannot survive, in this generation, the election of a Grant, a Senator Sherman, or a Senator Fessenden, as President of the United States. It will be another Atlanta; the danger will be the intoxication of success.

I think the duty of Abolitionists is to impress on their fellow-citizens the fact that this question of race is not yet eliminated from American politics; that it hangs yet in the balance; that it is still the foot-ball of parties; that however the South may have been coerced, she has not been converted; that the leading men of the South, its brains, are still hostile to this government, and, in the long run, brains always govern. I am not willing to trust the purpose of the North, as it stands to-day, with three million of Southern white men, angry in their hearts, watching their opportunity. That is exactly my position. As far as my word can have any influence on the future, I am not willing to trust the fruits of this war in the position in which Congress places them to-day, with three million of Wade Hamptons watching their opportunity to crush this nation. I will tell you when I shall be willing to trust it. In the first place, when the purpose of the South is written in its Constitution. That is, when the slave has got his title deed. Secondly, when the United States has the right, and has proclaimed the purpose, to establish common schools for every child born on its territory at the expense of each State, if the State will not do it herself. Thirdly, when every black man at the South may have, for the asking, forty acres of his own within ten miles of his birthplace. (Applause.) Then I have got the title-deed of the South, I have got land under the man's feet, and an idea in his head. The moment I have got these—law, spelling-books, and land—the ballot in the right hand of such a peasantry will make every demagogue respect them. (Applause.) We cannot convert the demagogues of Tennessee. They will be just as bad in the thirty years to come as they have been in the thirty years that have passed. The crop of Andrew Johnsons is not exhausted. (Laughter.) We must expect just such men to grow out of that South in the future. How shall we make the Gen. Forrests, the Andrew Johnsons, the Jefferson Davises and the Beauregards of the South do justice to the negro, exactly as the Northern politician does justice to the laboring men, Irish, native, German, Danish, all bloods? From here to Wisconsin, what is the first thing a party man counts up? The Irish vote; the German vote. What troubles to-day the schedules of the Western Republicans? The German vote. What makes the Republicanism of the great West tremble to touch that prohibitory law which it knows is the sheet-anchor of its life? The German vote. Lager beer hides itself behind the whiskey question; the whiskey question hides itself against the prohibitory law, and Republicanism trembles before it. The first element that it counts is the German vote. Why? Because the German stands with a school on his left hand a ballot in his right, and land under his feet. It is for him to say who shall be Governor of Ohio, who shall be Senator of Iowa, who shall be President at the dictation of the great Northwest. A distinguished Kentuckian said to us on this platform, twenty years ago, "Give me a million of dollars, that I may guarantee to the working men of Kentucky bread for six months, and I will give you a vote that shall abolish slavery within five years in that Commonwealth. The working men of that State hate it, know that it keeps them down, but they dare not vote against it, for their wives and children will be penniless the day after the vote is given. Give me a million of dollars, that I can say to them, I will sustain you for six months; you need neither emigrate nor starve; and I will give you the vote of Kentucky." The same thing is true of the negro. We want him to uphold the North. We want him to stand by Republicanism. An empty bag cannot stand upright. A man with starvation behind him in nine cases out of ten will yield. Martyrs do not come in regiments; saints do not travel in batallions. You must count on average human nature, and average human nature asks, "If I do that act, where is my bread?" I go, therefore, for the broadest policy—claim it now—demand it before the hour is over. Education,—not the gift of the white race, but the need, the guarantee of the government itself,—education, the privilege, constitutionally, of every man born under the stars and stripes. Next, for the present emergency, in this generation, let Jefferson Davis die unmolested, let Gov. Aiken live five thousand years, but take their lands, and give them to the Robert Smalls who stood by us in the thick of the fight. (Applause.) If anybody is to throw his vote against this nation, with starvation staring him in the face, let it be Gov. Aiken and not Robert Small. If any man is to be tempted to go against this nation, do, not let it be the black man.

You see, fellow-citizens, and I am perfectly willing to confess it, I look upon the South as a conquered territory. I do not mince terms. Just what the South intended for us, I mete out to her. (Applause.) She intended to take this belt of the continent and consecrate it to slavery. If she had conquered, she would have done it, and have had a right to do it, by the laws of war. As she did not conquer, we have a right to crowd Faneuil Hall down the throat of every one of those millions. (Applause.) We have a right to carry the civilization against which they rebelled down there. They did not rebel against Andrew Johnson; they did not rebel against Washington. The cry at the South, from Maryland to Texas, and from Florida to St. Louis, is, "Keep out the Yankee!" Wailing upon every breeze comes the cry, "Bar out the Yankee!" What does it mean? It does not mean the individual, palpable Yankee. The individual Yankee who goes down there is received as kindly as need be, in many cases. It is the ideal Yankee—the Yankee of the spelling-book—the Yankee of equal manhood—the Yankee of small farms—the Yankee of New England—the Yankee who represents Northern civilization, against which the South rose. If you had asked Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, or Mr. Spratt, at Montgomery, "What are you warring against?" the answer would have been, "We are warring against the North overwhelming the South"—meaning by "the North," not the geographical North, not Ohio and Connecticut, but the ideal North—the North of enterprise and energy, the North of education and equality, the North of toleration and free education, the North of books and brains, the North of the Declaration of Independence. It was in the service of that North that we conquered, and the war will be ended when that North goes down to the Gulf, and not sooner. We may not end it; I have some doubts whether we shall. It will be ended, perhaps, by the generation that follows ours, perhaps by the generation which follows that. John Bright is completing, to-day, in 1867, what Lord Somers commenced in 1788. It has taken the English government ninety years to finish up that job. It is more than likely that it will take us half that time. You do not convert millions of men in a day. You do not change an adult man's opinion by a battle. How many Bull Runs do you think it would take to wipe the Declaration of Independence out of Massachusetts? How many Bull Runs do you think it would take to make Vermont swear or affirm that all men were *not* created equal? I think if you made the Green Mountains swim in blood, the Vermont boys would stand on the top, crying out, "*Nevertheless, all men are created equal!*" (Loud applause.) South Carolina is in exactly the same mood. You crushed her at Gettysburg, you ground her to powder at Atlanta, you sunk her out of sight when Lee surrendered; but down in that gulf of defeat you may hear the gurgling defiance of Wade Hampton,—"Nevertheless, all men are *not* created equal!" and there are three millions just like him. As long as they live, this nation is in danger of their revenge. I am for guaranteeing ourselves against it, by putting down right by them the negro, the five millions of unswerving loyalists, with land, education, the ballot, and the nineteenth century in their hands; and the moment I have done it, the moment I see that measure consummated, the moment I see the black race standing as the German does with us, as the Irishman does, then I shall know they can fight their own battles. If they go down, it is because God intended they should. I shall be willing for them to go just where, under these circumstances, they cannot help going. They will have no further need of any special advocacy. But before that day comes, one-half of South Carolina will send up black Senators to Washington, and black Representatives to the other end of the Capitol. I met a man in the street, calling himself a Radical, the other day, and said he, "I think the negroes are behaving very badly at the South." I asked how? "Why," said he, "they are insisting that some of their own color should be voted for." Why not? Five millions of people, and do nothing but vote! Five millions of people, and not have one voice in the councils of their common country or their separate States! I never shall think that the American people are on the firm, macadamized highway of easy travelling, until I see a black Vice-President elected on a ticket which he strengthens because he is black. When I see the tacticians of the Republican party, the practical men, anxious for availability, going up to a Baltimore Convention, not, as in 1864, to select a Tennessee drunkard to give strength to their ticket (applause), but going down to some Southern plantation, and taking a Frederick Douglass or a Robert Small of the black race to strengthen their ticket; when I see the New York *Herald* prophesying that some Cleveland or Cincinnati Convention will succeed, because although the other ticket has two Generals, with three stars on each of their shoulders, its ticket has upon it a black man for Vice-President, and is sure to win, then I shall consider that the prejudice of the American people is gone.

You think that a wild statement; but only go back three or four hundred years. Suppose when the Normans were governing England, some man had said, "I never shall feel that England is safe until I see a man of Saxon blood in the peerage, until I see a man with a Saxon name in the House of Commons," they would have stared as much as you do at the idea of a black Vice-President. But England never was safe until that trodden-out substratum of Saxon peasantry made its way up into the government. And so it is with us. Why, friends, what you need to do is to go back to your school-boy studies, and remember the dawn of civilization; remember how modern Europe came out of the clouds. When we were boys, we studied the history of modern civilization. At its dawn, as the annalists painted it, a man did not dare to go out of his own house unless in full armor, followed by a dozen soldiers. He sat down to dinner with a portcullis let down across his front door, and had a watchman on the highest tower of his castle. If he had a million of dollars, he did not dare to show it, he did not dare to invest it, because, if he did, some brigand would rob him, or some government would tax him to death. The Jews hid their property from the government,

Manufactures were dead, commerce was asleep, agriculture was the only thing that struggled into a feeble existence, because there was no certain reward for industry, and therefore men did not dare to show wealth. Then arose some strong man like Charlemauge, and spread his iron hand over society, representing order; and he said, "Travel, I will protect you; manufacture, plant, trade, show your wealth, I will guarantee security." Then spindles began to whirl, then commerce spread her sails, then trade in every city revived, and wealth came out from its hiding-place. Then modern Europe appeared. The South stands to-day exactly as I painted Europe at the dawn. I met a merchant yesterday in these streets, who said, "I have a correspondent who returned day before yesterday from Nashville, and his report is (looking at it only from a mercantile point of view), that not a man nor a dollar can safely come down to Tennessee." You need not talk of reconstruction, then. Charlemange has not appeared. You need not talk of trade; there is no protection. Alabama cannot borrow a dollar in the markets of the world. I do not want any other fact to convince me that there is no government there. You need not spread out your statistics in Congress. I do not want the testimony of Thaddeus Stevens. I do not want the report of Mr. Wilson, or Judge Kelley. Alabama cannot borrow a dollar in Wall street; it is a horde of barbarians: it is not a civilized State. (Applause.) So long as that state of things continues, the very basis of reconstruction is not commenced. What do you want? You want the Military bill, which is only another name for the police power. It is Charlemange spreading his hand over the South, and saying to the South, "Travel—I will protect you; trade—I will guarantee security; invest your money—you shall not be robbed; manufacture—you shall reap your reward." But we want also an Executive to carry it out; we want the government itself, as a unit, on its side. When you have got it, reconstruction commences.

I am talking to you of politics, but when I get outside of politics, and come to the economy of this question, there will be no reconstruction of the South for the next seven years. You may conjure the ballot-box into existence; you may go through the farce of an election, as Louis Napoleon did in 1852, but it will be a farce. Neither party is at liberty. The country stands where Europe did in the dark ages. We need a Charlemange, and Ben Butler was the man. (Loud applause.) He did for New Orleans exactly what the Charlemanges of the Middle ages did for Europe. You could read the Declaration of Independence in any square of the city, and you could talk of Connecticut principles without having your throat cut. You cannot do it to-day, and it has not been possible to do it since Banks gave over that city to the Confederacy, who have held it ever since.

When we talk of this thing, let us talk plain business talk. South Carolina will not be Massachusetts for these seven years, and until she is, there is no perfect reconstruction. The war is not ended. The war meant that Jefferson Davis intended to bring South Carolina to Boston. Toombs said, "I will call the roll of my slaves on Bunker Hill." Menminger said, "I will put that flag over Faneuil Hall." That is what victory meant to the Confederacy. Northern victory means carrying Massachusetts to South Carolina, and until it is done we have not got victory. But that is outside: that is the gradual growth of civilization; that is planting seeds, and waiting results. In the meantime, before that, the hurry of politicians will bring these States back into their former relations; and to provide for that, the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North should proclaim its wish, its purpose, and its determination, to secure, if possible, education, the ballot, and land for every man of the recently emancipated negroes of the Southern States, and for the poor whites as well. (Loud applause.)

Hon. HENRY WILSON, who was among the audience, was loudly called for, but declined speaking, stating that he had nothing to say then, but if, during the meeting, he felt that he had a word to say that would be of interest, he should be very glad to address the assembly.

Mrs. LUCRETIA MOTT was the next speaker. She expressed her great gratification at seeing so large a number present, and the interest manifested in the proceedings. The President had said that he had a feeling of melancholy in the thought that they were still constrained to labor in this cause; but she came there rejoicing, rather, that after a comparatively few years, they had been permitted to see more than the most ardent Abolitionist had anticipated in the earlier day; and though much still remained to be done, yet her hope was large, and she always cherished it, even when the friend who had just spoken, and others, presented such glowing views of the future.

Mrs. Mott briefly sketched the history of the Anti-Slavery movement, since 1833, showing that there was abundant reason for thankfulness and hope, especially in the great interest manifested in the freedmen by the members of various churches. The events of the year or two last past, she said, had demonstrated the necessity for continued action, and the importance of the circulation of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. There was a great call for documents and papers from far and near, and the great woman question was coming up in connection with the questions relating to the freedmen, and it would not be possible to keep it out. She believed the time must come when they would have resolutions covering the woman question, and she thought it was no more bringing in an extraneous topic, than the claim of right for the slave to vote would have been considered an extraneous topic a few years ago. Denouncing political expediency as they did, she hoped they would be careful not to allow any consideration of expediency to prevent the natural progress of the right. I am glad, said Mrs. Mott, very glad, to be here with you today, and to be able, at my age, even with so much feebleness, to say these words. From the first, the seed was sown, with me, in very weakness, but it has been raised in power; and I can truly say, that not unto us belongs the glory, but unto Him who has so marvellously turned everything to the right account, and will do so, if there shall still be found ten righteous men to save the country. I trust this will be the case, and that we shall all, whether we see eye to eye in regard to the woman question and some other questions that may agitate us for a little while, co-work and harmonize together, and feel that we are one. I should greatly lament anything like a feeling of division or opposition among us, because we differ in our views as to some of the questions now agitating the country. We cannot separate these great reformatory movements—and let us feel that we are still united together. This Anti-Slavery movement has been one of the greatest instrumentalities in breaking down sectarian partition walls, and leading many of the sects and denominations to come together and acknowledge that God has indeed "made of one blood all the nations of men, to dwell on the face of the earth," and that they can call no man common or unclean. These are the blessed fruits which have resulted from attention being turned away from creeds and dogmas to the great practical principles of righteousness, temperance, justice, and mercy in our hands; and therefore, although, as our President has said, the religious denominations may be very zealous in their Sabbath-school operations, and missionary operations, and their various enterprises, I feel that there is every reason to believe that the labors of the temperance advocates and the Anti-Slavery advocates, and the advocates of other great reformatory movements, have so modified the religious organizations of our land, yes, and of other lands, that we may have great hope in the future, and believe that the time is coming when that which has been denounced will become as the head of the corner. (Applause.)

Mrs. CAROLINE H. DALL said, that as she had been most cordially welcomed to some twenty or thirty Unitarian pulpits during the past year, she felt that she should not do her duty if she did not sustain Mrs. Mott's remarks. A most remarkable change was manifest in all the religious bodies, in regard to the influence and co-operation of woman, more especially in the Unitarian denomination; and one of the most Conservative Unitarian ministers of the West, Robert L. Collier, stated at one of the meetings that no church could live at the West if it made distinctions of color. Certainly, there was not a church in Boston that did not support its teacher at the South, and if they taught colored children exclusively, it was because white children were not ready to come and be taught with them. Everywhere the effort was being made to carry true, liberal Christianity into the mingled congregations of the South. Surely, said Mrs. D., these facts should be admitted in speeches on this platform.

The PRESIDENT said that being a minister, he was perhaps apt to be a little morbid in the matter of the attitude of the church and clergy. He was rejoiced to know that any sympathy had been expressed by the religious denominations with the great reforms of the day.

AARON M. POWELL, of New York, then addressed the Convention. He said that no Abolitionist could come into a meeting like that without a feeling of congratulation, rejoicing and triumph. The success which had attended this movement had no parallel in the history of past efforts for the improvement, amelioration and elevation of mankind. But while congratulating the Abolitionists that so much had been achieved, he did not loose sight of the fact that the struggle was not over, but that they were to-day in the midst of its most critical period. During the past year the Congress of the United States, which had the sympathy of the large body of the so-called radicals of the country, had so far complicated the situation that its unconditional triumph put in jeopardy for the future the political rights of the black race. The Constitutional Amendment emanated from that body—an Amendment which he had hoped, from the bottom of his heart, Massachusetts, if no other State in the North, would refuse to stultify herself by endorsing. When Massachusetts failed to take her true position on that Amendment, which not one in twenty of her best men in their hearts believed in, he lost courage, and almost the hope that the nation could be saved from another and a more terrible revolution than that through which it has just passed. The shrewd men of the South—as shrewd political managers to-day as they were before the war—were keeping quiet, hoping to save the loophole of that Amendment, and trusting to their own sagacity, which served them so well in the past, to find the means, when they resume their old position in the nation, to put the black population of the South under their feet, really in slavery, if not nominally so.

The Abolitionists were not to forget, whatever politicians might say, that the blacks of the country were now exposed to a peril scarcely less than that of the chattelism from which they had happily escaped. Almost at the very hour when Horace Greeley stood, like a poltroon, in the court-house of Richmond, grasping the bloody and iniquitous hand of Jefferson Davis, one of the noblest of the Northern members of Congress, with the government theoretically at his back, saw men shot around him, on a public platform in Mobile, the victims of an organized premeditated confederate attack—as much so as any movement of the Confederate army during the war. Not to speak of the condition of the black race in such a State, what was the condition of Northern white men? He (Mr. P.) knew that Senator Wilson had made a tour of the South, but he weighed his words and measured his denunciations with more care than Judge Kelley, and he came back alive. But if he had gone there and struck his blows (as he would, if he were differently organized) directly in the face of those who are not yet half-converted, who are only kept quiet by military rule, his life would have paid the forfeit. It was the right of every man under the theory of American institutions, in his own phrase to speak his own thought to any people; that liberty was not yet achieved, even for white men, at the South. The blacks would be left in a situation terrible to contemplate should that military arm which is now stretched forth be withdrawn.

The question for Abolitionists to ask, therefore, was—What is our duty still to our special clients, the blacks of this nation? Events came so thick and fast that they forgot that history would hold Congress to have been recreant to its duty inasmuch as it consented to leave the nation disgraced by a besotted traitor in the Presidential chair. (Loud applause.) Members of Congress had told him (Mr. P.) in private, that Andrew Johnson deserved to be impeached. Why was he still in the presidential chair! Why was he still left there to plot mischief, and thwart as far as possible the loyal heart of the nation? It was a part of the same mistaken policy which had always animated Congress and the leaders of the Republican party. They wanted to make party capital by leaving at risk the nation and its liberties, and therefore Andrew Johnson, who ought to be impeached, was likely to go scot free.

I rejoice, said Mr. P., in this New England Anti-Slavery Convention, that we may remind the people, at least, what their representatives ought to do; and one of those things, which I wish distinctly to assert, and to hold these political managers responsible for, is the necessity for the impeachment of Andrew Johnson in the first week of the July session. (Applause.) I do not need your responses to assure me that that is the sentiment of the great body of the loyal North; and I believe these gentlemen who claim to be wise, and many of whom sympathise with us in the end we have in view, dissenting from our means or methods—I believe these gentlemen make a fatal mistake, in the line of expediency, even, when they thus defer a manifestly right thing to be done at this hour, and in this stage of the conflict. The result will be, the election, in 1868, of a President who will still leave uncertain the rights of the negro race and the cause of liberty throughout the nation.

Mr. P. proceeded to speak of the prospects of the next election, stating that the leaders of the Republican party admitted that they would be obliged to take Gen. Grant as their candidate, for otherwise he would be taken by the other party. In this connection, the speaker referred to a statement which had been made to him, that Gen. Grant was open to objection on the very ground which had caused the nation to hang its head in utter shame, again and again, for Andrew Johnson, his intemperate habits, and severely criticised his action at Baltimore, and in relation to affairs at New Orleans and throughout the South generally. As he felt the public pulse, he said, he was convinced that the popular feeling would much more readily uphold the hands and strengthen the hearts of the earnest radical leaders, if they would ask for and allow the right thing at this time. It had been left to the Anti-Slavery enterprise to sound the key-note and lead in the right path in past years, and it was left to it to perform the same service still. His word, then, was—Press onward, keeping your eyes upon the actual condition of things, freed from the confusion and the disguises which politicians are wont to throw on and about the situation.

The speaker advocated confiscation, and the parcelling out of the large estates of the South to the negroes, as a measure essential to the preservation of the liberty which had been vouchsafed to them. Without homesteads, the negroes of the South would be but little better off than the serfs of Russia before their emancipation was proclaimed. He thought Senator Wilson, in giving the Southern leaders to understand that if they complied with the present demands of Congress their lands would not be taken from them, had spoken most injudiciously.

In conclusion, Mr. P. referred to the condition of woman, and said that he believed the Republican idea demanded the enfranchisement of woman upon equal terms with man; but it should, however, be borne in mind that the special clients of the cause which this meeting represented were the blacks, and that they had not yet gained for them a position of equality with the whites. Let us, said he, press forward and onward, demanding, in all the circumstances of life, socially, educationally, politically, and in the sphere of industry, equality for the black race of the country, and triumph in the end, if we are faithful, will be certain.

The Convention then adjourned, to meet at 7½ o'clock.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1867.

Wendell Phillips's

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WENDELL PHILLIPS is Special Editorial Contributor.

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39 Nassau street, New York.

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS FRIENDS.

IN spite of the "Three wise men of Gotham," Beecher, Greeley and Smith, we still hold that treason and murder ought to be punished, and that, had there been a *will*, a *way* could have been found; that it is a most unsound as well as disgraceful "policy" to treat murderers like honest men in order to conciliate other murderers. The religion of these "wise men" consists in swapping morality for success. They have every quality of a Yankee peddler, except his 'cuteness.

In contrast with these muddled philanthropists and clergymen, tossing about words of whose meaning they know nothing, look at the sensible and clear-sighted statesman, Thaddeus Stevens, whose letter on confiscation, full of profound wisdom, will be found in another column. Mr. Greeley, like all convicted sinners, takes refuge in that coward's castle, an effort to show my *inconsistency*. No amount of inconsistency on my part would lessen his guilt. He expended so much magnanimity, however, in going to Richmond to clasp Davis's hand, that he had none left to copy in his columns my statements, which he undertakes to answer and comment on. Instead of this new-fangled and wondrous *magnanimity*, I wish he could find time to cultivate a wee bit of that homely and old-fashioned virtue, *justice*. The nation and I should both be better for it. In regard to his statements, copied in another column, let me say, I never asked for Davis's death, and do not now. He deserved death, and the government which leaves him alive, confesses that it murdered Wirtz. Had I been President, and ready to execute Wirtz, I should have shot Davis within twenty-four hours after his arrest, not as a traitor or belligerent, but as a murderer and butcher, wholesale violater of the laws of honorable war. But I am against lifetaking, and my whole theory of rebel punishment I explained in a speech in April, 1865, on Lincoln's death, which I copy below.*

I repudiated the idea of trying him by a jury; not, however, from any doubt that he could be convicted. Take him to Lawrence, Kansas, and try him for Quantrell's murders; take him within sight of St. Albans and set him before a Vermont jury—does any man doubt that he would be convicted? But I would no more honor him with a jury trial than I would an adder.

In the winter of 1865 and 1866 I scouted the idea of punishing Davis in any way; because I saw that, with Johnson in the White House and Greeley in the *Tribune*—the first a traitor from excess of backbone, and the second equally in our way from entire want of one—justice was an impossibility. I was anxious, in such untoward circumstances, to snatch all I could. Waiving, therefore, justice, I struggled for the negro's vote. And because he himself thus blocked the wheels of right, Mr. Greeley quotes me as if allowing or advocating the release of Davis! I saw and said that the idea of Davis's punishment was as old as the ark—his release a foregone conclusion—and I hold Johnson and Greeley responsible for this: Johnson because he planned and Greeley because he indorses it. My position is submission to the inevitable. Mr. Greeley's position is fellowship with the disgraceful. Let me not, however, do injustice to President Johnson, by seeming to bring him down to Greeley's level. The President released Davis, but he never went to Richmond to congratulate and shake hands with him.

I go for substance, and not for forms. This whining about Davis's imprisonment would be absurd, if it were not criminal. Has he suffered a millionth part of the misery he inflicted on others? Has he suffered one thousandth part of what he deserved? If I had been President, I would have kept him in prison until the ingenuity of the last survivor of the kindred of those starved at Andersonville confessed itself unable to devise a way of bringing him to trial. They should have had a century, if necessary, to invent a process that would enable the nation "to execute justice between man and man." Imprisoned a few months too long! Let him be thankful that he did not fall into the hands of a barbarian like himself, and meet with retaliation, which would have been torture and starvation unto idiocy, unless death, more merciful than his jailor, took him to its loving arms. I have no fear of Davis. This nation is strong enough (as I have said every week for the last three years) to despise a million such. But we are not strong enough to allow that crime should be treated as *ill-used innocence*. We are not strong enough to have the foundations of our moral sense sapped by the sophisms and vagaries of our leaders. Jefferson Davis is one of the vilest and guiltiest men of the century. The government has released him, not because it could not punish him—it has not tried to do so—but because it expects to strengthen its party by this ignoring of crime. The philanthropists who rejoice in this disgraceful act are either stone-blind or too besotted to deserve our confidence hereafter.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

* EXTRACT OF SPEECH.

"What shall we say as to the punishment of rebels? The air is thick with threats of vengeance. I admire the motive which prompts these. But let us remember that no cause, however infamous, was ever crushed by punishing its advocates and abettors. All history proves this. There is no class of men base and coward enough, no matter what their views and purpose, to make the policy of vengeance successful. In bad causes, as well as good, it is still true that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' We cannot prevail against this principle of human nature. And again, with regard to the dozen chief rebels, it will never be a practical question whether we shall hang them. Those not now in Europe will soon be there. Indeed, after paroling the bloodiest and guiltiest of all, Robert Lee (loud applause), there would be little fitness in hanging any lesser wretch.

"The only punishment which ever crushes a cause is that which its leaders necessarily suffer in consequence of the new order of things made necessary to prevent the recurrence of their sin. It was not the blood of two peers and thirty commoners which England shed after the rebellion of 1715, or that of five peers and twenty commoners shed after the rising of 1745, which crushed the House of Stuart. Though the fight had lasted only a few months, those blocks and gibbets gave Charles his only chance to recover. But the confiscated lands of his adherents, and the new political arrangement of the Highlands—just, and recognized as such, because necessary—these quenched his star forever.

"Our rebellion has lasted four years. Government has exchanged prisoners and acknowledged its belligerent rights. After that, gibbets are out of the question. A thousand men rule the rebellion—are the rebellion. A thousand men. We cannot hang them all. We cannot hang men in regiments. What! cover the continent with gibbets! We cannot sicken the nineteenth century with such a sight. It would sink our civilization to the level of Southern barbarism. It would forfeit our very right to supersede the Southern system, which right is based on ours being better than theirs. To make its corner-stone the gibbet would degrade us to the level of Davis and Lee. The structure of government which bore the earthquake shock of 1861 with hardly a jar, and which now bears the assassination of its Chief Magistrate, in this crisis of civil war, with even less disturbance, needs, for its safety, no such policy of vengeance; its serene strength needs and should use only so much severity as will fully guarantee security for the future.

"Banish every one of these thousand rebel leaders—every one of them, on pain of death if they ever return! (Loud applause.) Confiscate every dollar and acre they own. (Applause.) These steps the world and their followers will see are necessary to kill the seeds of *caste*, dangerous State rights and secession. (Applause.) Banish Lee with the rest. (Applause.) No government should ask of the South which he has wasted, or of the North which he has murdered, such superabundant Christian patience as to tolerate in our streets the presence of a wretch whose hand upheld Libby Prison and Andersonville, and whose soul is black with sixty-four thousand deaths of prisoners by starvation and torture."

THE STATE CONVENTION.

THE CONVENTION for the revision of our State Constitution met at Albany on Tuesday, the 4th inst. Hon. WM. A. WHEELER of Franklin Co., was elected president. The time thus far has been given to preliminary preparation for the work of the session. A meeting of the colored citizens of this city, called by James J. Spelman, Prof. Charles L. Reason, George T. Downing, and others, is to be held to-morrow (Thursday) evening at Zion Church, corner of Bleecker and West Tenth streets, to petition the Convention for the abolition of the property qualification for colored voters. We hope there may be immediate and earnest efforts to the same end among the colored people throughout the State.

We hope also to see the restrictive word "male" stricken from the Constitution. David Dudley Field, Esq., in the most important and elaborate paper of suggestions yet prepared for the Convention, very significantly puts the word in brackets, indicating that its longer continuance in the Constitution is of at least doubtful propriety. The earnest, intelligent women of every county, town and school district, throughout the State, should make an immediate and thorough canvass with petitions, and send deputations to Albany in such numbers as would insure beyond a doubt the equal enfranchisement of the hitherto disfranchised half of the people of the State. Earnest co-operative effort only is wanting to secure the early triumph of strictly impartial suffrage. Let that effort be made at once by colored men, women, and all who would have the government of the Empire State rest henceforth upon the just, broad, and impartial basis of human rights.

THE $100 BOND.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask an extension of the time for competition for our special premium to one who sends us the largest number of new subscribers for the year 1867. The writer says:

"If not improper or unjust to any one, I should like the time of the premium of the hundred dollar bond extended to the first of November, 1867."

We are authorized to extend the time of procuring subscriptions in competition for the bond to November 1st, as our correspondent desires. This arrangement, which has the approval of the donor of the bond, will, we are assured, meet the approval likewise of all who are among the competitors for the premium, and we trust it may also add yet a considerable number of new names to our subscription list. This bond with interest bearing coupons attached, payable in gold, is a prize of sufficient value to be worth laboring for, and is certain to be gained by one of the competitors; while the proffered commission which we add will be a fair remuneration to all. Send us then the largest possible number of names from this to November.

JOHN STUART MILL, on the 20th ult., delivered a powerful speech in the House of Commons in favor of suffrage for women. We hoped to present this admirable and timely address in full to our readers this week, but it is unavoidably crowded out. We shall print it hereafter. A majority vote was not anticipated for the amendment proposed by Mr. Mill. It received, however, seventy-three votes, which is a very promising beginning, and guarantees the future success of the measure.

WE invite attention to the form of Petition to the State Constitutional Convention issued for general circulation by the Equal Rights Association. Blank copies may be had on application at the office of the Association, recently opened at No. 37 Park Row, Room 17.

GEN. SHERIDAN has removed Gov. Wells of Louisiana and appointed in his stead the Hon. THOMAS J. DURANT. It is not yet known whether Mr. Durant will accept the position offered him. Of his eminent fitness there can be no doubt.

THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE, it is rumored, will report against the impeachment of the acting President, but make the declaration that he is unworthy of the confidence of the people!

WE are again obliged to defer several communications, including a letter from our Paris correspondent, owing to the crowded state of our columns.

HON. WM. D. KELLEY, of Philadelphia, has returned from his Southern tour. He has rendered most valuable service to the national cause by his numerous radical addresses and extended intercourse with the loyalists of the South during his trip.

WE invite special attention to the advertisement which appears elsewhere of the Mansfield Academy. Mr. EDWARD S. BUNKER, the Principal is well known to us as one of the most successful, accomplished, and conscientious teachers engaged in the cause of education. He has been for several years honorably connected with the Polytechnic Institute, and more recently with the Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn. In his present effort to establish a first class High School, we have no doubt of his complete success. Intelligent as to all the improvements which have been achieved in modern methods of instruction, fully conscious of the great need of judicious physical culture, and conscientious in respect to moral training, as we know Mr. Bunker to be, we heartily commend to the confidence and patronage of our readers the Mansfield Academy.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose and Susan B. Anthony, delivered Woman's Rights addresses before the spiritual Lyceum, at Dodworth Hall, on Sunday morning last.

President Johnson and Mr. Seward are, with comparative silence, swinging the Southern monumental circle, this time in honor of the memory of "Honest old Jacob Johnson."

Lucy Stone and H. B. Blackwell have returned from Kansas, where they delivered forty-five addresses each in a campaign of forty days. They met everywhere crowded and very enthusiastic audiences, and return confident that both manhood and womanhood suffrage will be triumphantly guaranteed in Kansas at the November election.

The English *Independent* says that the Rev. William Thorpe of Bristol, England, was so large that in preaching an ordination sermon he had to be hoisted into the pulpit over the side, the door being too narrow to admit him. Curiously enough his sermon was on "The Importance of a Right Introduction into the Christian Ministry," and he founded his discourse on the parable in which it is declared that "he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep, while he that climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

The Boston *Commonwealth* says: "The Rev. George H. Hepworth is the orator-elect for the national anniversary. He will give a fervent and patriotic discourse, without doubt, strongly impregnated with freedom-loving sentiment. Are we becoming less a nation of orators, or is it because Fourth-of-July harangues have been brought into disrepute, that it becomes more difficult from year-to-year to induce the acceptance of invitations to serve the city? Gov. Andrew, Wendell Phillips, Mayor Rice, and R. H. Dana, Jr., in turn declined this complimentary offer. Mr. Hepworth deserves credit for promptly accepting it, and thus serving his native city.

Zion's Herald writes of Wendell Phillips's visit to the grave of Elijah P. Lovejoy: "A scene for an artist is this narrative. The death of Lovejoy was the birth of Phillips. At a meeting held at Faneuil Hall, Dec. 8th, 1837, to denounce his massacre, on the petition of Dr. Channing, of which his father, Jonathan Phillips, was chairman, the young orator fleshed his mighty sword. In response to insulting epithets from the Attorney-General of Massachusetts (the State is apt to be unfortunate in this class of officials) hurled at Lovejoy, the slaves, and the ministry, the unknown youth took the rostrum and commenced anew the battle in the East, that had just been lost in the West. Thirty years after, that warrior, covered thick with scars from the long, long conflict, stands at the grave of the real father of his faith and fame. The cause is victorious, and Alton invites him to the spot where she had murdered his progenitor. Some soul of genius will yet paint the scene."

Garibaldi, in a letter accepting the position of honorary President of the English Reform League, says:

"Honorary President of the great League of the English workingmen! This is indeed the most precious title that you could offer to me, your countryman, myself truly a son of the people and a workingman in heart and arm. In the immense laboratory of the human family England is justly the Captain in the great movement for our rights and emancipation, and our unhappy but good population here will be proud to follow your example in the glorious path which you have traversed. Hundreds of years ago even your strong and brave population overthrew the tabernacle of idolatry and falsehood which still weighs down the energies of this beautiful country. We will boldly follow your courageous initiation, and in the place of impurity, irreligion, misery, and tyranny substitute the true religion of God, the Father and Saviour of all, and the true brotherhood of free nations."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, has addressed the following letter to the Committee for Equal Suffrage in Kansas:

NEWPORT, R. I., May 25, 1867.

Hon. S. N. WOOD, Cor. Sec'y State Impartial Suffrage Association, Kansas:

DEAR SIR: I feel honored by your invitation to visit Kansas in September and speak in benalf of Impartial Suffrage. It will be impossible for me to accept it. I wish it were otherwise, for I have the profoundest desire that your efforts should succeed.

This is the vary time to agitate the question. Every Southern plantation is proving how the possession of the right of suffrage elevates a subject-class into importance. It will be equally clear at the North whenever we do for our own wives and sisters what we have done for the black men of the South. Till this is done our so-called democracy is a self-contradiction. Abolishing all class-distinctions for men, it accumulates them all upon women. Among us all men are patrician, all women plebian. All men are equal in having political power, all women in having none. If Victoria or Eugenie were to become Americans, all political power would instantly vanish from them, even though their virtue, wisdom, and wealth should increase ten-fold. Unless our government can be made truly democratic, every woman, as such, should be a monarchist; for under a monarchy some of her sex, at least, would be within the ranks of power.

For the second time in the brief history of Kansas the friends of freedom throughout the nation look to her to lead the way. In the name of the early settlers of the territory, and of those who went thither in time of danger to aid her cause, I implore her present citizens to be pioneers in the full enfranchisement of woman. No braver souls ever dared the dangers of the frontier than the women who dwelt in Kansas in 1856. I cannot believe that the right of suffrage will now be denied to them and to their daughters

I am yours, respectfully,

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

LETTER FROM CHARLESTON, S. C.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 21, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I WROTE you some time since, that matters here were generally "in Committee." We are now able to "report progress." The street cars have been opened to all classes. But these "best friends" to the negro have adopted the very self-denying method of proving their sincerity by relinquishing to him nearly all the seats in the cars. It is amusing, not to say poetic, to witness the venerable Mr. and Mrs. Touchy, together with the dashing young Edgar Alphonzo, and the exquisite Divina Angelica Celeste, all upon their muscle, up and down King street, in the pelting sun and pouring rain, while Mortimer and Molly trundle by complaisantly upon the cushions. Occasionally some *furioso* on business, who *must* be in a hurry, or some indignant dame, to whom Sherman's "bummers" spared a decent dress, and who must hasten home to the baby she *used* to abandon to the sole care of some trusty old "aunty," may be seen occupying a "standing seat" upon the platform, inhaling the garlick, exhaled by some fastidious wanderer from Erin, or snuffling the effluvia of lager emitted by some *disgusted* representative from "Father Land;" whilst some two or three well-behaved and timid "people of color" have the entire inside, in which to luxuriate over their newly-recognized rights. But this will not always remain thus. The body-incensed suns of July and August will so modify their conceit, as to drive them to the unoccupied inside seats. The black man is to continue riding in the cars, and the white man will yet patronise the same institution "with alacrity," if only the ruling powers keep the laws of the country in vigorous execution. This people are only *putting on airs*. They are only saying to Gen. Sickles: "Now, just look here. Don't you see what you are doing? Don't you see white folks *will not ride with niggers?* Don't you see to what terrible straits you are driving us? Don't you blush with shame to see our delicate wives and daughters *compelled* to take the sidewalks, while these vagabond *niggers* are allowed to take the cars? Don't you see you are ruining the Railroad Company? Don't you see a thousand things which we are endeavoring to bring to your view? We will wait patiently for a month or two; and then, if your heart continues unrelenting, and you will not rescind, or modify the Constitution of the country, why, by all the 'powers' above, we will, we will—*submit.*" In some instances, they are picking up the most repulsive-looking negroes they can find in the gutter, giving them tickets, and thrusting them into the cars, just to show Gen. Sickles and the "nigger-worshippers" what terrible abuses this *vile race* are wont to practice upon the generosity of their friends. But it is all labor lost. The cars will continue to carry the negro, and the car of destiny will continue to roll onward, though it be but slowly. The only pity, however, is, that, as every advance step is contested with about the same amount of mulishness and spleen before it is yielded, all the steps are not taken at once; that one single caudal clipping does not remove the entire appendage. If, with the impartial musket and ballot, we could somehow per force thoroughly *sandwich* the repelled and repelling races together in all the public relations of society; in the car, the theatre, the church, the school, and legislative hall, we should all be astonished at the facility with which the apparently discordant elements harmonised, and accommodated themselves to the somewhat novel positions into which they had been thrust. But this attempt at measuring leagues by barleycorns is extremely tedious; though it can, and will be so accomplished, unless some more extended measure be applied. Now, just the rule that is needed, and that will span the whole great difficulty at a single reach, is *the law*, which guarantees impartial, unconditional, *immediate* justice to all. Has the government the moral, or physical power to apply it? That is the only question.

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LETTER FROM MISS PUTNAM.

BOSTON, May 20, 1867.

ANOTHER of the long series of Pentecostal days has been added to the thirty-six Anniversaries of the preceding New England Anti-slavery Conventions. And what a baptismal flood of light and power fell upon this last large gathering in the Meionaon, to be caught up by the various *Lukes* at the reporter's tables and scattered over the wide country for eager reading and sure influence on the weal of the nation.

Old Abolitionists from Philadelphia and New York, greeted those of New England.

The President, Rev. J. T. Sargent, in an earnest and pertinent address, at the opening, expressed the hearty feeling of the meeting, that no where else were the great practical necessities of the hour so faithfully met in discussion. No, not even so much as *touched* by the other Anniversary meetings holding in the city. He had been at them so far, and listened in vain to hear these momentous issues brought before public attention. These other meetings were concerned with the revival of their denominational interests. While much that was good was said, the clergy had fallen into their old reticence on the exigencies in which the workings of slavery have left the nation. So, he welcomed this Convention anew, as the best place, and the only comfortable one for an old Abolitionist to find himself in to-day. Who could feel that his estimate of the value of these meetings was too high, that sat for the next hour under the spell of Mr. Phillips's speech, as he came divinely charged with the inspirations of Truth and uttered them, not alone for the ears of his native city, but for every presidential aspirant—and to penetrate, as no other words will, the innermost consciousness of every Virginia and Louisiana planter, who trembles at the word *Confiscation?* He urged this, as a coming necessary measure, to break up the future possibility of rebellion. Hon. Henry Wilson might testify, as other late visitors to the South do, that while the rebels give up for the present "the lost cause"—expect negroes will vote, and Northern people settle among them—with schools—and to live awhile under military rule. "Yet there is one thing they are *awfully afraid* of, and that is confiscation." When Mr. Phillips advocated forty acres of land for the negro, a lady questioned to another by her side, "Don't you think that is too much land to be given him? I'm afraid it would encourage him in laziness." The other replied, "But there is *so* much land, and *so* few people there. Forty acres in Alabama isn't like forty acres in the neighborhood of Boston, and the negro couldn't be lazier than his "master!"

A splendid passage in Mr. Phillips's speech compared the spirit and condition of the South to that of the feudalism of the middle ages—and it needs the strong military hand to do what Charlemagne did—that order and general good may flourish. But one has only to read his speech in these columns, to see with what beaming clearness he points out the way of national safety and honor.

It was with no common pleasure the audience noted the coming upon the platform of Mrs. Lucretia Mott. Her presence in the exquisitely plain dress, seemed the visible benediction of gentle John Woolman, Anthony Benezet, and all the testimonies of Friends against slavery. Mrs. Mott, in congratulating the large audience, recounted the day of small beginnings, of which she had lived to see the marvellous results; the seed that was sown in very weakness, but raised in such power. She spoke of Benjamin Lundy, to whom William Lloyd Garrison was wont to acknowledge his indebtness for awakening him to Anti-Slavery. She wished Mr. Garrison was here now to say it again.

Mr. A. M. Powell followed Mrs. Mott in a noble speech; courteously yet faithfully pointed at Senator Wilson, who was present, arraigning him as a representative of the late action of Congress in putting off the impeachment of President Johnson, and warned against the danger of letting July pass, without this important duty done.

Hon. Henry Wilson spoke of his late Southern tour, describing the eagerness and enthusiasm with which the Southern loyal people, of all complexions, listened to his thirty-two speeches—from Richmond to New Orleans. He said he spoke as safe and freely there of their crimes against man and God in the rebellion as he could anywhere in the North. Some one inquired, if his safety was not due to his wearing the mantle of U. S. Senator and the U. S. bayonets around him, which Mr. Wilson admitted. He thought slavery and whiskey the two great enemies of mankind—so he had everywhere exhorted the black people not to copy the vice of drunkenness from their old masters. Whatever disturbances, like the mobbing of Judge Kelley at Mobile, was exceptional. (Mr. Phillips had spoken of Alabama as a horde of barbarians, who couldn't borrow a dollar in the markets of the world.) One felt inclined to question Senator Wilson farther as to the danger the *nation*, as well as individual blacks, might suffer from whiskey if Gen. Grant should be the accepted Presidential candidate of the Republican party? Mr. Wilson's wisdom is not always sagacious about safe Presidents, for two years ago, he went campaigning through New York State, with a siren song about Andrew Johnson!

The "silver-haired, Platonic Idealist," as Miss Bremer called A. Bronson Alcott, came into the Convention. It was a little passage of Coleridge and Wordsworth—he looked like the one and talked as the other—in a strain of melodiously flowing speech, with American advance in its idea. "Who are the teachers of the *teachers*—the leaders of the *leaders?* The Abolitionists, who, outside, of the church and State had been the state we now enjoy. Plato said, he who can discriminate is a god. The difficulties of politicians must be recognized. While Mr. Phillips could *divinize* by elevating us into oneness of sympathy with Truth and Right—lifting us out of individuality into personality—political leaders could only *demonize* or separate us into individuals."

Mrs. A. K. Foster denied that freedom, the object of this Society, was attained. If she thought so, she would go to Europe with Mr. Garrison. She spoke with divine energy of soul and consecration. Those of us who have felt that wasting illness would not spare her long on earth to the service of this hallowed cause of God and humanity, were deeply thrilled with the throbbings of her great womanly heart, as she told the unspeakable atrocities just committed upon black women, in Tennessee—Andrew Johnson's State—reconstructed by a Republican Congress! And government and the public allows such monstrous crime upon the still victim race to go with impunity! She declared the work of this Society not yet accomplished.

"The work of the Anti-Slavery Society is to *abolish he negro*," said Henry C. Wright, in his characteristic vein, looking down at the reporters, who, as he rose, took briskly to their pencils. "When we have fairly got rid of being tormented with him *anywhere*, then our work, as Abolitionists, is done. The negro used to torment the cars, the school, the church, the State, the Tract Society, there was no place not troubled and tormented with him. He isn't seen now in the cars, or school-house, or Legislature, or jury box, or Harvard College in Massachusetts, and it is our work to make him totally disappear from the whole country, with no separate law or right from other people.

The discussions of the evening meeting continued with glowing interest to a late hour. Rev. Edward C. Towne, was introduced by the President, as the radical minister of Medford—the home of John Pierpont and Major Geo. L. Stearns.

Mr. Towne paid an eloquent tribute to Mr. Stearns. Sitting one day in the conservatory of his beautiful house, news was brought him of the sacking of Lawrence, and the beating of Mr. Sumner on the Senate floor. The friend said hopelessly "There is nothing to be done." "Nothing to be done," exclaimed Mr. Stearns, starting to his feet. "I tell you there is *everything to be done!* And what *one* man *can* do, that *I* will do!" From that hour he was born again to work for freedom, untiringly, wholly devoted to the day of his death. Mr. Towne spoke the deep interest all must feel who ever turn over the "golden pages" of that record of Southern insolence, "the John Brown Investigating Committee Report," where Fugitive-Slave-Law-Mason kept Mr. Stearns standing for hours before his inquisition. "They are a part of your scripture," Mr. Towne could well say. Mr. Stearns's brave and masterly answers can never be forgotten.

So moment by moment dropped the sands and seeds of this precious Convention, till the last was out. A lady present for the first time, confessed she had no idea before that this Convention was so delightfully interesting. "Yes" her friend responded, "you can't tell what you have been losing all these years, by not knowing them. These are the people, Mr. Frothingham preached in New York years ago, he wouldn't dare be out of the current of sympathy with, on peril of his soul, for they kept nearest to God."

The weather was propitious, though cooled by an early morning rain. The season brings Whitsunday very late this year, if the calendar and apple blossoms agree. We hear of a humming bird having been seen. Their favorite horse chestnut flowers are out. Hon. Charles Sumner omitted, in his fine, instructive speech on Russian America, mention of the humming bird that haunts as far North as Sitka. An item that would most effectively confirm his statement of the mild climate of that latitude. C. F. P.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, June 3, 1867.

ANNIVERSARY week has come and gone, with a larger allowance of dry weather than is usually given us in that lively season. Of course I attended *the* meeting; and I remember no previous year in which the morning, afternoon and evening sessions of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention were more steadily occupied with interesting and profitable discussion.

Of course there was some irrelevant talk—the inevitable consequence of freedom of speech; there was also some sharp debate, and an energetic expression of considerable diversity of opinion; but we were mercifully spared the interference of that class of people who have been appropriately called "the fleas of Conventions." The attendance was not only full through all the sessions, but large and prompt at the time appointed for the first one. Never was there a deeper interest in measures for the establishment and security of *Freedom*, and the rights belonging to freedom, throughout the land; never had we closer attention paid to the discussion of those topics; and never was attention better recompensed by words of wisdom.

The resolutions presented by the Business Committee had, in addition to their other merits, the rather unusual one of brevity. They set forth effectively the folly of longer tolerance of the unprincipled policy of Andrew Johnson—the need of vigilance and persistence in demanding full social and political rights, as well as civil ones, for the colored people—the urgent need that means should be kept in existence and in action, throughout the South, to *secure* those rights against the reviving insolence of the defeated rebels—and the manifold neglect and violation of duty still shown by the pulpit and the church, which not only falsely pretend to the possession of Christian character, but impudently seek to monopolize the Christian name.

A large portion, and an intensely interesting portion of the discussion on this occasion was brought out by a resolution presented by Stephen S. Foster, declaring the right of suffrage a *natural* right, to be exercised irrespective of sex as well as of color, and that, consequently, not only black men, but black women and white women were entitled to exercise it.

This proposition expressed, without doubt, the settled belief of a very great majority in the Convention; but it was contested and voted down, after a long debate, on the ground of inappropriateness to an *Anti-Slavery* platform. No doubt an immense majority of the audience were heartily in favor of the Temperance cause; but all would have seen that resolutions and discussions on temperance were out of place in an Anti-Slavery meeting. The President of the Convention might appropriately, therefore, in my judgment, have ruled the resolution, and the speeches in behalf of it, out of order. His allowance of them, however, gave the meeting the gratification of hearing the point in question very ably argued, Messrs. Foster and Pillsbury maintaining that it was appropriate, as well as inherently just, and others admitting the latter point but denying the former. That such unsuitableness to the occasion was the only ground of its rejection was apparent from the fact that Mrs. Abby Kelley Foster, a life-long pleader for the rights of woman, was the first who rose to oppose it; and from the further fact that the most elaborate speech on that side, evidently considered demonstrative by the Convention, was made by Mr. Wendell Phillips, long known as one of the steadiest advocates of Women's Rights.

The short-comings of the church and the clergy were ably and fitly set forth by two ministers, Rev. Rowland Connor of Boston and Rev. Edward C. Towne of Medford. They declared the American clergy to be "criminally negligent," in the present as in the past, both of the duty of protest against the injustice inflicted everywhere, North and South, upon the colored race, and of the duty of suggesting and enforcing remedies for this delinquency. Both these functions were always especially incumbent upon them, as a class elaborately educated to be teachers in morals and religion; yet they had so utterly neglected both, and so large a proportion of them had given their voice and example *for* the national sin instead of against it, that they might properly be stigmatized as a "degraded" class.

Mr. Towne proceeded to speak in a feeling and impressive manner of the exalted character and the noble work of John Brown, and of the character, labors and excellencies of one who gave early and efficient aid to John Brown, and who had thrown *himself* as well as his fortune and influence into the work of emancipating and elevating the negro—the late lamented George L. Stearns.

In the censures thrown upon Congress by various speakers, Senator Wilson was repeatedly referred to as one of those who had shown more devotion to party than to right and justice, and who had culpably neglected the advocacy of several important measures which ought to have been acted upon by the last Congress, and by the Congress before the last. Mr. Wilson being in the house, was loudly called for by a portion of the audience. He excused himself from speaking at that time, but in the afternoon session made a speech, which turned mainly on the experiences of his recent tour in the South. The South was now, he thought, more radical than radical Massachusetts; and he could safely say there anything that he deemed proper to say in the city of Boston; whence he assumed it to be a settled fact that any one else, even Mr. Phillips, could safely exercise full liberty of speech anywhere in the South.

To be sure Mr. Wilson said, there was one slight exception to this safety. The Southern people had, unfortunately, the bad habit of carrying revolvers about with them; they had also (unfortunately again) the habit of getting drunk, and of using their pistols promptly when excited to anger, either drunk or sober. Therefore at any public meeting, or at any other time, a man *might* get shot at, as Judge Kelley was. But that, he thought, was an exceptional case; in the course of thirty-two meetings, no such accident had ever happened to *him*; and probably, therefore, it would rarely happen to anybody.

I have heard Mr. Wilson speak a good many times, and in places where there was every inducement to deliver his strongest utterances; yet even here, in Massachusetts, in Boston, I never heard him say anything very radical. As well as I remember, the most energetic and vigorous of his statements were of the nature of high and confident anticipation of what the President, and the Republican party, and Congress were *going to do*; anticipations which then seemed improbable, and which yet remain unfulfilled. As well as I remember, too, his sketches of retrospective matters—of what he claimed to have been already accomplished by President Lincoln, or by Congress, or by the Republican party—were always tinged with a partisan rose-color beyond what truth would warrant. I do not trust Mr. Wilson's judgment. As far as we can get at the real opinion of one who has been a cunning manipulator of partisan politics for a score of years past, he really thinks moderate Republicanism to be something very radical. But does he ever tell us all he thinks? And as to trustworthiness in what he does tell, he has lately publicly committed himself to a system the fundamental articles and practical policy of which include false pretences and false statements; and to a set of men who, in support of that system and that policy, habitually *make* false pretences and false statements, even while pretending to be special representatives of religion. Even a partisan politician may deteriorate; his last state may be worse than his first; and I fear this case may be one of that sort. NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 26, 1867.

THE Constitutional Convention, soon to assemble at Albany, is looked forward to by the friends of Equal Rights with deep interest. We of Pennsylvania regard it with especial concern. The action of that Convention will exert a potential influence on the community here, healthful or hurtful according to its character. As an example it will have great weight in shaping opinion in this State, concerning the prominent issues to be discussed and determined, and the members may be the unconscious architects of a new constitution for us. They may give inclination to the brains that are to do the actual work, establish an aim for them to verge to, and give the bearing to our political needle.

Prompt, decided, unequivocal action in favor of a genuine republican ballot, will have a direct influence in moulding and solidifying opinion in Pennsylvania, in regard to the same all-important object. An irresolute, halting course, on the contrary, will bedim the prospect, and cripple the movement in this State when the time comes to act. If the Convention declares with wise promptitude that the negro shall have the ballot on an equal footing with white men, the effect upon this community, and others backward in the work, will be most salutary. It will tend to quicken the progress of the reform. It will invigorate and expand the proper sentiment, and hasten the day for parallel triumphs in favor of liberty and justice.

We need for Pennsylvania every agency that may benefit the cause. We shall want to draw the elements of strength from every fountain of inspiration. Your Convention may be to us an invaluable help. It may endow us with a magnetism that will effect a reinforcement of numbers, thereby giving better assurance of victory.

We want to purify our State Constitution. We desire to imbue it with the true republican principle. The word "white" now disgraces it. The word "male" is by its side. If we cannot now expunge both, we shall struggle to blot out one of them. As the time ripens the other will follow. We must get rid of the "white" folly first. That is nearest consummation. It may be well that time is given us for the work, as the immediate action of a Constitutional Convention might be disastrous. The inevitable delay may serve an excellent purpose in enabling us to gain ground; for sentiment ripens very slowly in our State.

We now have a fresh strife here. It has been suddenly discovered that the Legislature, at its last session, gave us a new liquor law. How the fact came to light I am not aware. It has filled the liquor-dealers with surprise. They are agitated, especially the lager beer fraternity.

This new creature of legislative action is not to be suffered to enjoy a torpid repose on the statute-books. It has been summoned forth into the service of public morals. Our Mayor declares that it shall be brought into the realm of utility. He has instructed his subordinates to breathe into it the breath of active life. "Tell all whom it may immediately concern, that a new law has been given to us; that it forbids the keeping open of any rum-shops after midnight; that it declares they shall not be open on Sundays." The policemen have obeyed this command, and the Germans are in a flurry. They want to know who has a right to shut their doors.

On Friday, in the day-time, they held a meeting on the subject, talked the matter over, and decided to assuage their grief temporarily. They seem to think that their business is too sacred for legislative touch, and that they should be allowed to pursue it seven days in each week without interference. They were quite exercised in consequence of the statement attributed to the members of the Legislature from this city, implying that they knew nothing of the passage of the law. Some doubted, others ridiculed this statement. It is just the kind of a circumstance to bring out the cowardice and duplicity of our small politicians. Their popularity they never want impaired. The effort to stand well before all classes of voters sometimes leads them to stultify themselves. There is not manhood enough in them to acknowledge and sanction this righteous law. They choose to be evasive. They think to hoodwink these lagerbeer men, but simply call forth their scorn, and are chided for insincerity.

Following this meeting of the Germans, there was another held yesterday, by other than German citizens. It was largely attended. The quintessence of its action was reduced to one *whereas* and one *resolution*. The *whereas* refers to the new law, and to the statement that our city Representatives deny that they voted for it, or that they knew of its passage. The *resolution* provides for a committee to ascertain which of the Representatives voted for, and which voted against said law. Such action cannot be considered very complimentary to these artful gentlemen, as it indicates a want of faith in their veracity. It is believed that the Representatives shuffle and fib, palter and deceive. They are in an uneasy plight.

Likewise another meeting has been held pertaining to the same subject, but by men in an opposite mood. This was by the Philadelphia Temperance Society. Resolutions were adopted hailing with satisfaction the passage of the law, pledging aid to the authorities in its enforcement, and recognizing in a prohibition of the sale of liquor on one day, the principle of "entire prohibition," to secure which continued labor is promised.

This is the first day the law has been in operation. In passing along some of our streets, by several drinking saloons, I noticed that profound stillness prevailed where the coarse sound of revelry so often fell harshly on the ear.

I may add that a report is current to the effect that Hon. John Cessna is preparing a bill designed to suppress the liquor traffic in Pennsylvania, to be presented at the next session of the Legislature. I cannot vouch for its truth. Cessna is a politician, and this fresh hubbub here may fill him with alarm, and the dictates of policy may prompt him to lay his purpose on the shelf. You need not look for a temperance jubilee in the Keystone State until we have travelled somewhat farther into the future. W.

LETTER FROM COL. CHARLES E. MOSS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 28, 1867.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THINGS in Washington are moving slowly. No more dull place can possibly be imagined. Not even the ordinary excitement of politics exists here to keep up an appearance of life. All is death, political and financial death, without hope of resurrection, until Congress shall assemble and breathe the breath of life into an inanimate city.

The President has ceased to exert any living and controlling influence, and the Cabinet officers are as dumb as any enemy of the Administration could possibly wish them to be. In truth, death and folly now reign supreme in Washington.

There is an abortive attempt being made to remove Sheridan in New Orleans. That attempt is headed by Mayor Monroe, of rebel notoriety, on the one hand, and Flag Cailes, of half-rebel notoriety, on the other. Monroe desires him removed because he was removed from office, and Cailes because he could not be appointed Governor of Louisiana. So far, their power has not been sufficient to accomplish the object, and I very much doubt whether they will be able to do so hereafter. Sheridan is popular with the country, much more so than his merits deserve, and President Johnson does not care to provoke hostility by his removal.

Matters in Louisiana are far from being as promising as is represented. The old rebel chief of police that organized the massacre, last July, is still in office, and not a black man has been appointed on the police or as registering officer in that State. The truth is, that while Sheridan hates the rebels he hates equally the negro. The black man has very little to hope from him.

In Virginia, things are worse than in Louisiana. There Scofield, of Missouri notoriety, is in command, and nothing good can be expected from him. His sympathy is all on the side of the respectable Whig aristocracy, who hate the negro, and only support the Republican party because by so doing they hope to overthrow the old Democracy of Virginia.

John Minor Botts is at work getting up a new State Convention. He received one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars from one transaction in Richmond during the rebellion, and has, at last, bailed Jefferson Davis. Of course, he can well afford such a risk, after such a lucky venture. No one can suppose he made one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars out of a transaction authorized or endorsed by the Union government, as that government had no control over Richmond until after the surrender of Lee.

The truth is, Virginia is still wedded to her idols, and John Minor Botts is anxious to be ordained high priest of the respectabilities that profitted out of the rebellion, just as people in the North profitted out of the necessities of the government. Shoddy in the North and shoddy in the South both eat out the substance of the people, and now desire to rule the nation. Botts was just a good enough Union man to get a General of Union soldiers to protect his property while our armies occupied the country, and a General of rebels while Lee and the secessionists held control. He is now just radical enough to court the rebels and bail Jefferson Davis, and hate the negro. He accepts negro suffrage just as a man accepts death, simply because he cannot help it. His influence is not great enough to accomplish any great amount of mischief, and his impotent attempt to divide the radical party will only serve to exhibit the folly of one old fossil attempting to lead live men in a political contest. The truth is, he has outlived his usefulness, and, like many an old and decrepid grandmother, only amuses the living, active men of the present generation by his childish follies. Vain and impracticable in his mature manhood, he is childish and imbecile in his old age. A pity it is that his friends cannot restrain him and prevent the silly prattle of his second childhood from ruining what little reputation he possessed in his early days as a man of sagacity and common sense.

The District of North and South Carolina is most advanced, and Gen. Sickles has displayed more true statesmanship than any other district commander. In Alabama, the military authorities have essentially surrendered to the secessionists. The order forbidding political meetings after dark in Mobile, unless first licensed by the authorities, is simply an outrage. It is the duty of the Military to protect such political meetings from mob violence, not to suppress them. If our soldiery cannot perform that duty, the sooner they are disbanded the better. If the Union army is to be used to break up Union and Radical meetings, holden in Mobile after sunset, because the consent of the commander was not first obtained, the sooner that army is broken up the better. One reason for maintaining a Union army in the South is the protection of free speech. When that army ceases to answer the purposes of its organization, it is time it was destroyed. It is bad enough for secessionists to break up political meetings. We expect better things from Union soldiers. The next session of Congress ought to disband the regular army and reorganize a new one, and leave out of office Gen. Pope and every officer that sustained the infamous order forbidding the holding political meetings in Mobile after dark. CHARLES E. MOSS.

LETTER FROM THE HON. THADDEUS STEVENS ON CONFISCATION.

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1867.

THE Hon. Thaddeus Stevens has written a letter in vindication of his proposed policy of confiscation, a proof-slip of which has been received in Washington. The letter will appear to-morrow in the Gettysburg (Pennsylvania) *Star and Herald*, of which the Hon. Edward McPherson, Clerk of the United States House of Representatives, is an editor.

LANCASTER, Pa., May 28, 1867.

DEAR SIR: Short as your letter is, I fear I cannot answer it without violating an injunction of my medical adviser not to become excited. You live in a region which was two or three times invaded by the armies of Jefferson Davis. In the Counties of Bedford, Fulton, Franklin, Cumberland, Adams, and York they visited almost every farmer and other inhabitant, and plundered them of their horses, cattle, provisions, wagons, and money, when found, besides some detached cases. They laid in ashes one thriving village of six thousand people, and turned the inhabitants houseless into the streets to seek shelter in fence corners. No provision has ever been made, or is now making, to reimburse the plundered citizens. By the law of nations a government makes no compensation for damages done by an invading army, unless such government be victorious, when it always provides by treaty for the payment by the vanquished enemy. A government which neglects to make such provision on behalf of its plundered citizens is basely negligent of its duty. A *quasi* peace exists between the late belligerents, the terms of which are dictated wholly by Congress, which is under the control of the Republican party. Nothing but the proceeds of the confiscation of a small portion of the property of the wealthy rebels can be applied to pay the damages inflicted by the marauders, unless it be paid out of the Treasury of the United States. A few Republican meteors, always erratic in their course, are flitting through and exploding in the Republican atmosphere. They attract sufficient public attention to enable them to assure the amiable rebels who inflicted this injury that they need fear no confiscation; that nobody of any note in the North is in favor of imposing such punishment for the sake of remuneration, or of justice. They assure them that nothing shall be taken from Aiken's estate of millions, from Hampton, Davis, Orr, Faulkner, or from a thousand others who are still worth their hundreds of thousands, to reimburse the loyal men, North and South, who were plundered of their estates, and to aid your poor neighbors to rebuild their humble tenements. It is scarcely to be endured that Congress for two sessions should sit indifferent to these sufferings, and take no steps to enforce these rights. These remarks apply to large portions of Maryland, of West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri, as well as to the Slave States. He who can patiently listen to that patent humanity which we now see propagated, has more command of himself than I have. Indeed it looks as if we were still to add to the burden of our taxation to defray the expenses of transportation, and the ovation of triumphant traitors. But I must stop, or I shall commit the fault against which I have been warned. With great respect, your obedient servant,

THADDEUS STEVENS.

MR. PHILLIPS'S RECORD.

From the New York Tribune.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS lauds "the platform" as the foremost instrumentality in promoting the intellectual, moral and political education of our people. It is unquestionably a great power, mainly through the aid of the press. Mr. Phillips has exerted a wide influence, not merely over the thousands who listen to his harangues, but over the hundreds of thousands who read their substance as reported in the journals. How wisely, humanely, consistently, that influence has been exerted, will be better understood when his recent fulminations respecting the bailing of Jefferson Davis are contrasted with the following from his earlier yet still recent orations. In his speech at the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held at Cooper Institute, May 12, 1865, Mr. Phillips said:

"The idea of a jury impanneled to try Jefferson Davis as a traitor would be to me, in the language of the age of Shakspeare, 'a most lamentable and tragical comedy.' I should as soon try adders by a jury, and claim the benefit of *habeas corpus* for rattlesnakes. * *

"*I shall never consent to the death of Jefferson Davis until I fear his life.* He is weaker alive, a ridiculous fugitive, than dead and buried in the sympathies of millions. *Let him live, then.* I once said of John Brown: 'Virginia dared not let him live.' No man, with my consent, shall have it to say of this strong, serenely-secure nation, '*It dared not let Davis live.*'"

In his speech at Cooper Institute, Oct. 25, 1865, Mr. Phillips said:

"I do not want any man hanged. Jeff. Davis will never get his deserts this side of Calvin's or Dante's hell. But *I do not want him to get his deserts here.* The President may give him back his plantation for all me. I do not believe our people are capable of the double virtue of punishing traitors and enfranchising the black man. So I will compromise: *they may set all the traitors free, if they will only enfranchise the blacks.* (Applause.)"

At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Feb. 13, 1866, Mr. Phillips said:

"Well, our President said once that traitors were to be punished. He has not punished a traitor. He never will. *I, for one, do not ask him to.* The hour has gone. Eight months of life such as we have been living, which is eight and eighty of common national existence, have floated by since it was possible. *When James I. sent Raleigh to the scaffold, it did not stir colder horror through a large part of the civilized world than in America would be stirred to-day, if, after an imprisonment of a dozen months, Jefferson Davis was sent to the scaffold.* The action of government has closed the door of the scaffold."

At the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in this city, May 8, 1866, Mr. Phillips said:

"If 20,000,000 of loyal people have not learned enough from this war to bear Jefferson Davis, then nationality is a failure. Adjourn the dispute, and wait for a better generation. But we have elements, we have sufficient strength, to ignore Jefferson Davis and a thousand like him, if they still live; and that strength is justice. (Applause.)"

In his speech at Cooper Institute, Oct. 25, 1866, he said:

"What I demand of Senators is, when they see a traitor in the White House, to spread it to the wings of the wind until the people rebuke it out of existence. ('Good.') And what I demand of the army of the United States, from Lieutenant-General down, is that they make the streets of the cities of the conquered Republic safe for every man to tread. (Cheers.) I listen to no talk of Constitutional Amendment. I want to hear nothing of reconstruction. *I do not care what becomes of Jefferson Davis. He is older than the ark.* (Laughter.) *The question of his punishment is one that landed on Mount Ararat.*"

Is the man *honest* who thus talked a few months ago, and who now talks as Wendell Phillips does?

PROHIBITION.

MRS. E. D. ROCKWOOD, of Natick, Mass., has addressed an eloquent and timely letter to the members of the State Legislature residing in that town relative to their votes on the Prohibitory Law. Mr. Senator Larin votes for a license law. It was understood the Representative, Gen. Hartwell, would do the same. But he has since decided to vote for Prohibition. We give the following extracts from Mrs. Rockwood's letter:

"It is idle to lead us aside by long discussion whether alcohol is a poison, and moderate drinking a harm to the constitution. By proposing a LICENSE, you surrender the whole question. No government ever proposes to restrain by license anything which it does not consider an evil and a harm. Innocent and harmless trades are left free to everybody. Only dangerous and harmful trades are subject to a LICENSE. You allow, then, that the trade in liquor is a danger which government ought to guard against and restrain. No need to tell such legislators of the women and children heartbroken and starved, homeless and penniless, through this! No need to paint the wrecks of households, and the ruined men! No need to array the statistics of crime, and the records of poorhouses,—three-fourths of both traceable, by the confession of every jurist and police magistrate, to that crime! By proposing license, you confess it all!

"The only question, then, between us is, if this traffic is to be watched and guarded, what method does experience show to be most effective for this purpose? Does any man ever pretend that the system of license has ever succeeded in lessening intemperance or its evils?

"You pretend to show that prohibition has not succeeded; but even if you succeeded in this, it would not prove that license has been effective. The country tried licensing for two hundred years; and the temperance movement, originating in a stern necessity forty years ago, was a full and sufficient confession of its failure. Our fathers, waking up to the terrible ruin around them—to the chasm, yawning at their feet, put it on record for all time that license had failed. I know the fearful extent of intemperance to-day. But all trustworthy evidence assures us that it is by no means so fearful and so extensive as it was half a century ago. The Temperance movement, culminating in the Prohibitory Law, has worked a great and most beneficent change. Who knows where the nation would have been to-day if its politics and its masses had been drugged and besotted by drink as years ago. Now the pioneers in so successful a movement deserve special trust regarding a question they have so long and profoundly studied. Success has largely crowned their work, and proved their wisdom in the choice of means. This being so, it is to be remembered that the leading Temperance workmen, both here and in England, affirm and maintain that there is no safety but in some prohibitory system. What has been adduced against this conscientious and ripe judgment, its sincerity proved by long labor and years of sacrifice, and its wisdom by large success? Why the paid speech of a liquor dealer's attorney, confusing the issue by idle talk as to the scientific nature of alcohol? Superfluous attempts to prove, what no one denies, that, possibly, in some cases, alcohol may be as good a medicine as some other drugs,—absurd and disgraceful appeals to make us believe that the corner-stone of Boston's prosperity is its grog-shops and hotel-bars. The Temperance movement rests on no basis flimsy enough to be disturbed by such irrelevant and loose talk. It rests on the admitted fact that insanity feeds on this vice; that licentiousness dies out without its aid, that three-fourths of the crime and poverty of the country is caused by it,—taxes increased, life endangered, and all family peace jeopardied. Has society a right to guard itself against such a foe? Who but the madmen deny it? To ask us to submit even to license grants this right—all we claim. If we must protect ourselves, then how? With two hundred years' trial of license, and failure written all over the experiment, you ask us to go back to it. Why? Because Prohibitory laws have not done all the good expected from them. What then? You KNOW (what every observing man sees) THAT THEY HAVE NEVER BEEN FAIRLY TRIED. You know the causes which have prevented a fair trial, one hundred millions of dollars in the city of Boston alone, we are told, interested in and devoted to this vice! All this capital pledged to defeat the law. If the same amount of money had been interested, the last ten years, in sustaining some peculiar method of stealing, cheating, and defrauding the government, does any man suppose those offences could have been prevented without extra legislation, and new devices to fortify the State?

We know by the experience of the stock exchange, the custom house, and the contractors' successful frauds, that when great amounts of capital fortify the dangerous classes of society, ordinary law is powerless to grapple with them. This has been the case with the prohibitory law and fully explains what is called its failure; but wise legislation can and must defeat this unholy alliance. No Surrender—Onward to this Richmond. We shall never be frightened by being told they had no such laws as we claim two hundred years ago. It may be so; but then two hundred years ago we neither had the terrible evil we fight, nor the wisdom we have learned from forty years' struggle. We, like our fathers, will make weapons fit for the fight—monitors and iron-clads, and breech-loaders for modern warfare, and prohibitory laws with pure jurors for this new enemy—Capital and Rum in partnership. You may be sure we will crowd the statute-book with new laws, never heard of till now, before we will sit down the slaves of grog-shops. No evil was ever vast enough to daunt a conscientious people. The nation that strangled slavery, entrenched in millions of capital, is able to crush this comparatively puny foe. When the goal is reached, the trimmers and traitors on this question will rest beneath the same public contempt and indignation that cover to-day the doughfaces and traitors in the slave question. Natick has a right to demand that her Representatives be not found in either class. ELLA DAVIS ROCKWOOD.

LITERARY.

FOUR works are being issued by G. P. Putnam & Son (661 Broadway) of especial interest to social, political and theological students. We direct attention to them as being worthy of a place on our readers' book-tables. *Maga Social Papers* contains, among others, four articles that are useful. One is on Negro Minstrelsy, kindly treated; one on African Proverbial Philosophy; one on Babies, brimful of humor and wisdom; one on the Art of Eating, a sagacious article of sound instruction and advice. *What is Free Trade?* is a free translation of one of the works of the French economist, Frederick Bastiat. The translation is by Emile Walter. The friends of free trade have resolved to energetically press their views on public attention. On both sides of the argument, Bastiat's work is necessary for defence and reference. *The Articles of Confederation* vs. *The Constitution* is L. B. Brince's well-earned prize essay. Its publication just now is most timely. It clearly and sententiously traces the formation of our government. It shows that *Nationality* is the spirit and object of our Federal Constitution. One thing is certain, that States (except as Municipalities) are no longer to be in the ideas and actions of our statesmen. They are but parts of a great whole. They are but *subordinate* parts to the totality of being and commanding force. Just as the individuality and properties of a drop of water are merged into the aggregate of *all* water, producing volume, majesty and absolute power for the welfare of mankind. L. B. Brince's short essay can be read by busy journalists or by active men of business in two or three hours; thus greatly facilitating its chance of being extensively perused. *A Catechism of the Eastern Church* is a work on a subject that will arrest the attention of clergymen. The doctrines of the Eastern Church are too little known among us. As this work is by the Bishop of Iowa, its contents are reliable and authoritative.

Mr. Morley's thick fire volume of "English Writers" is now divided into two parts, each separately indexed. Of the second volume, which is to contain the second period, that of Italian Influence, Part I has just appeared. It is a volume of 450 pages, which contains a very full study of Gower and Chaucer, the account of Chaucer being long enough, according to the ordinary way of spreading type over a page, to make a substantial octavo by itself. The part now published only completes the narrative as far as the invention of printing. Dunbar is touched at the close, but the whole study of him is reserved, and even his immediate forerunners are at present little more than named.

"VANE," the excellent correspondent of the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, says in one of his late letters from Washington to that paper:

"It is so dull here now that you will pardon me a single paragraph not on political matters. Rev. Dr. McLeod, editor of 'Good Words,' London, is writing a story called 'The Starling,' and it is rich in pathos, wit, and character-drawing. Chapters are nearly equal to some of Scott's best; and the story is upon church matters too. *Littell's Living Age* has just begun to reprint the story. By the way, the *Age* copies pretty much everything that is good from abroad. I have tried to take half a dozen foreign magazines, and gave up, because the *Age* will gather the best things from all of them, and furnish them for one-fourth the money they cost in their original dress."

Mr. E. H. Palmer has published a treatise on the Sufistic and Unitarian Theosophy of the Persians, in which he says that he hopes in some future work to prove that Sufism is really the development of the primeval religion of the Aryan race. On this the *Athenæum* observes: "We believe that there is truth in this remark; but that it can be proved is doubtful. If the most ancient form of religion of which there is any record among the Aryan race be examined, we shall find in it no resemblance to the doctrines of the Sufis. On the contrary, this most ancient Aryan creed, as described in the Vedas, is a mere worship of the elements. It was not till after the lapse of centuries that Hinduism developed the episode of Krishnah, and the refined and spiritual doctrines which approach so closely to the creed of the Sufis. But the knowledge of a One God, of a divine Spirit, all pervading illimitable, existed among the Hebrews, among the Persians, and perhaps other branches of the Aryans, at the time when the disciples of the Vedas were sunk in ignorance."

RECEIVED.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, by Charles Dickens, Diamond Edition, 486 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Field, publishers.

Blackwood's Magazine for May, American edition. New York: The Leonard Scott Publishing Company.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Litell & Gay.

The Radical for June, Rev. S. H. Morse, Editor. Boston: Adams & Co. publishers.

The Friend for June. New York: The Friend Association, 131 William street.

The Children's Friend for June. West Chester, Pa.: Lydia H. Hall, Editor.

The Pennsylvania Freedman's Bulletin for May. Philadelphia: The American Freedman's Union Commission.

Our School Visitor, Quarterly Part, April, May and June inclusive. Philadelphia: Doughaday & Co.

THE EASTERN QUESTION. A Lecture, by C. E. Deghent. New York: G. F. Nesbett & Co.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

WOMANHOOD SUFFRAGE.

PETITION TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

WE, citizens of New York, pray your honorable body that, in amending the Constitution, you will so frame the section prescribing the qualifications of electors as to secure the right of suffrage upon equal terms to both men and women.

The above petition is being circulated throughout the State by the friends of Impartial Suffrage. All who are interested in this question should circulate such petitions and forward them without delay to some member of the Constitutional Convention at Albany.

Women of New York, remember that the Convention meets to-day. There is no time to be lost. Let thousands of names be sent in. So strong a pressure must be brought to bear upon the Convention that politicians may be convinced that the women of the Empire State desire and demand the ballot.

E. CADY STANTON.

P. S.—Blank petitions can be had at the office of the "American Equal Rights Association," No. 37 Park-row, Room No. 17, New York.

Special Notices.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON and SUSAN B. ANTHONY will address the citizens of Mt. Vernon, Friday evening, June 7, on the duty of the nation to rebuild on the basis of Impartial Suffrage, without distinction of race, color or sex.

ON Sunday the 9th inst. Mrs. Stanton is to speak at Florence and Northampton, Mass.

LETTERS to SUSAN B. ANTHONY should be addressed to Equal Rights office, 37 Park-row, Room 17, New York.

A STATED MEETING of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at 727 Filbert St., on Fifth-day, the 13th inst., at 4 o'clock, p.m.

G. M. S. P. JONES, Sec.

Advertisements.

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ARE YOU LAME, Crippled or Deformed, or have you or your neighbor a boy or girl lame with contracted limbs, or curved spine, or crooked feet, or weak or paralyzed limbs or ankles, who are entirely helpless, or are obliged to creep or to walk with crutches, or whose limbs are shortened, or crooked, or drawn up, or who walk on the toes, or whose ankles roll over or turn inward, or who have crooked knees from white swelling or scrofula, or injury, or who limp from hip difficulty? To save such from a life of misery, will you not write a letter, giving the prominent points of the case, and receive in return a circular, free of charge, which may be the means of saving them? If so, address Dr. J. F. MANN, No. 23 West Forty-first street, New York. 40 23

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SPRING TWILIGHT.

Singing in the rain, robin?
Rippling out so fast
All thy flute-like tones, as tho'
This singing were thy last.

After sundown, too, robin?
When the fields are dim,
And the trees grow dark and still,
Dripping from leaf and limb.

'Tis heart-broken music
That sweet, faltering strain,
Like a far-off memory,
Half ecstacy, half pain.

Surely thus to sing, robin,
Thou must see the sky,
Blue and clear, beyond the showers,
And dawn soon drawing nigh.

Would thy faith were mine, robin!
Then, though night were long,
All its silent hours should melt
Their sorrows into song.

E. R. S.

GOETHE AND MENDELSSOHN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PROF. LOBE.

It was the beginning of November, in the year 1821, when three members of the Weimar Court Band, one of them the writer of these lines, in obedience to a summons from his Excellency the Privy-Counsellor von Goethe, were ushered by the servant into the well-known room, in the front of his house, opening upon the *Frauenplan*.

Three desks stood ready for us at the side of the opened piano. Upon the latter lay a bundle of manuscript music-notes. Curious as I always was, and still am, in all matters connected with music, I turned over the leaves of the different pieces, and read "Studies in double Counterpoint;" on another sheet, "Fugues;" on a third, "Canons." Then came a "Quartette for the piano, with accompaniment of violin, bass-viol, and violincello." On all the pieces was the name, "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy." The notes were written in a firm, neat hand, and, so far as I could tell by a rapid, cursory examination, the composition showed an expert, educated artist. The name, Mendelssohn, was unknown to us as that of a musician.

We had taken our instruments from their cases, and were busy tuning them into accord with the piano by way of preliminary, when there entered a tall man, who, on account of his stiff, military carriage, might well have been taken for an old-fashioned cavalry sergeant. He was not, however, a stranger to me—I had visited him, the year before, in Berlin. It was Prof. Zelter, the well-known director of the Berlin Musical Academy, Goethe's intimate friend and companion.

He greeted us all courteously, myself as an "old acquaintance."

"I have come first, gentlemen," he continued, "in order to make a request of you in anticipation. You will presently become acquainted with a lad, of only twelve years old, my pupil, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. His skill as a performer upon the piano, and still more his talent for composition, will probably arouse in you some enthusiasm. The boy is, however, of a peculiar disposition. The loud applause of an audience of amateurs produces no impression upon him; but he is eagerly on the watch for the judgment of real musicians, and accepts every such criticism as genuine coin; for his childish nature is still too inexperienced to be able to distinguish between good-natured encouragement and well-merited approbation. Therefore, gentlemen, if you should possibly be excited to the height of a song of praise—what I, at the same time, equally hope for and dread—I beg you to pitch it in a moderate key, with not too loud an accompaniment. Thus far I have been able to guard him from vanity and too high an estimate of his talents—those execrable enemies of all artistic progress."

Before we could make any reply to this somewhat singular address, the lad Felix came springing into the room—a handsome, brilliant boy, with a decidedly Jewish cast of features, slender and active. Rich waving black hair fell upon his shoulders; genius and animation sparkled in his eyes. He looked at us a moment inquisitively, then came to us, and gave his hand to each with friendly confidence, as if we were old acquaintances.

With Felix also entered Goethe, who returned our respectful bow with a friendly greeting.

"My friend," said he, waving his hand toward Zelter, "has brought with him a little gentleman from Berlin, who has already given us to-day a great surprise as a musician. Now we shall also make his acquaintance as a composer, and in this I must ask your co-operation. Let us hear, my child, what thy young head has produced," he continued, gently stroking the lad's long, glossy locks.

The latter ran immediately to his notes, placed our parts before us on the music-stands, opened the principal part upon the desk of the pianoforte, and took his place quickly on the stool before the instrument. Zelter stationed himself behind Felix, to be ready to turn the leaves of his notes. Goethe some paces to one side, with his hand behind his back. The little composer glanced toward us with sparkling eyes; we laid the bows upon the strings of our instruments; an inclination of his dark locks, and the performance began.

Goethe listened to every note with the keenest attention, but without remark, except, perhaps, at the end of a piece an occasional "Good" or "Bravo," which he accompanied by a kindly nod of approval. Mindful of Zelter's warning, we also only by our gratified looks manifested our approval to the child, whose countenance glowed with an ever-deepening flush, as the performance progressed.

When the last composition came to an end, Felix sprang from his seat and turned to each in succession with a questioning look. He seemed to wish to hear some expression of opinion as to his performance. Goethe, however, probably instigated by Zelter took up the conversation, and said to Felix:

"Bravo, my son! The countenances of these gentlemen"—motioning toward us—"express plainly enough that your compositions have pleased them well. Go, now, into the garden, where they are awaiting you, and refresh and cool yourself, for you are flaming."

Without reply, the boy darted from the room.

As we looked inquisitively toward Goethe, to see whether we were to be dismissed, he said:

"Remain a few moments longer, gentlemen. My friend and I wish to hear your opinion of this lad's composition."

A conversation of some length then ensued between us, the details of which I am indeed no longer able to give, after the lapse of so many years, especially as I find no memoranda of this in my note-book. Many expressions and sentences, however, have remained impressed upon my memory; for my later and more intimate relations with Mendelssohn frequently gave me occasion to call to mind my first meeting with him.

Goethe expressed his regret that we had on this occasion made acquaintance with the little fellow only in concerted pieces. "Infant musical prodigies," said he, "are, now-a-days, as far as regards technical skill, no longer so great rarities; but what this little man achieves in the execution of fantasias, and of pieces at sight, borders upon the wonderful, and I could never have believed it possible for one of such tender years."

"And yet, in Frankfort, you heard Mozart when still only in his seventh year!" cried Zelter.

"Yes," rejoined Goethe, "at that time I was only twelve years of age, and most certainly, like all the rest of the world, I was in the highest degree astonished by his extraordinary proficiency. What your pupil, however, already achieves bears the same relation to the performances of Mozart at that age, which the uneducated language of a man does to the lisping of an infant!"

"Certainly," said Zelter, smiling, "as far as mere manual execution is concerned, Felix plays at sight, as simple exercises, and without missing a single note, the composition by which Mozart, in his day, transported the world with astonishment. But still, many others can do this also. What I look at, however, is the creative genius of the lad; and, gentlemen," continued he, turning to us, "what think you of his quartette composition?"

We declared, on our part, with fullest conviction, that Felix had shown many more original thoughts than had Mozart at the same age; for the latter had then produced nothing but clever imitations of what already existed. Accordingly, we had a right to conclude that the world would have, in this lad, a second and greater Mozart, and that the more surely, because he was in full enjoyment of exuberant health, while all other outward circumstances were favorable.

"May it be so!" said Goethe. "But who can say how a soul may develop itself in the lapse of years. We have seen so many talents, giving such fair promise of future achievements, go astray, and deceive, and disappoint our high expectations. From such sad issue, however, we may hope that this youthful genius will be guarded by the teacher whom good fortune has given him in Zelter."

"I strive to be very strict with the boy," said Zelter, "and, even in his own independent labors, seek to hold him in check by the cub of rigid counterpoint studies. But how long can this continue before he escapes my discipline? Even now, I can teach him nothing more of essential importance—and once free, then first will it be manifested in what direction his own guidance will lead him."

"Yes, and especially," said Goethe, "is the influence of a teacher a problematical matter. Whatever the artist creates, which is truly great and original, he can find only within himself. To what teachers do you think Raphael, Michel Angelo, Haydn, Mozart, and all world-renowned masters, have owed their immortal creations?"

"It is true," remarked Zelter, "many have begun like Mozart; but as yet no one has equalled him in subsequent achievements." (Of Beethoven no mention was made, and, therefore, we have not instanced his name.)

"Felix has imagination, feeling, and technical ability—all in an eminent degree. In everything that he does, he manifests good, sometimes charming, and certainly far from puerile ideas; but as yet it is only pretty music, which still creeps upon the earth; we do not yet hear in it the accents of genius. In this I have not deceived myself. Do you not think so, gentlemen?" As he himself had expressed the opinion, we could not but assent. Still, I ventured to add, "In Mozart's boyish compositions, too, these accents were not yet audible."

I also hazarded the question, whether this quartette, as we had heard it, was entirely the child's own work.

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Zelter; "every note written by his own hand, and—created, too, entirely by his own mind.

"What you have heard he has just completed, without any assistance whatever. I know well the practice of many teachers. In order to exalt their own skill in teaching, they revise and correct the productions of their pupils, until little or nothing remains of the ideas of the latter, and then give those out as the work of the scholars! This is nothing but disgraceful swindling and charlatanry. They deceive not only the relatives of their pupils and the public, but also the pupils themselves, who readily imagine that they have done everything themselves. It is an evil which has already proved the ruin of many a talent really of a high order, and hampered it in the higher development of its powers. My pupil, however, I leave to his own resources; I let him do what he is able to do at the time. In this way, the desire of creating remains ever fresh and active, because, at the time of its production, he is content with what he has done, and the pleasure which he takes in his success is not embittered by criticism. This comes soon enough of itself. The judgment grows and expands, and with this comes the inducement to fresh and better production. In this way, has this lad of twelve already written more than many a man of thirty. Let it turn out as it will, there they are, the necessary steps, which no one, not even the greatest genius, can do without, of spring over. If Heaven shall only guard for us this rare plant from all baleful influences, most assuredly will it unfold itself as a bright exemplar of genius and beauty."

UNDERGRADUATE ORIOLES.

Four little mouths agape forever,
Four little throats which are never full;
Four little nestlings who dissever
One big worm by a mighty pull.

Up on a limb—the lazy fellow!—
Perches the father, bold and gay,
Proud of his coat of black and yellow,
Always singing throughout the day.

Close at their side the watchful mother,
Quietly sober in dress and song,
Chooses her place and asks no other,
Flying and gleaning all day long.

Four little mouths in time grow smaller,
Four little throats in time are filled;
Four little nestlings quite appal her,
Spreading their wings for the sun to gild.

Lazy no longer sits the father;
His is the care of the singing-school;
He must teach them to fly and gather
Splendid worms by the nearest pool.

Swinging away en branches,
Under the light of the happy sun;
Dropping through blossoms like avalanches—
Father Oriole's work is done.

Four little beaks their mouths embolden,
Four little throats are round and strong;
Four little nestlings, fledged and golden,
Graduate in the world of song.

—*Round Table.*

THE RUSSIAN VAPOR BATH.

MARK TWAIN'S EXPERIENCE THEREIN.

I only got over a calamitous cold in the head yesterday, and to-day I felt like the breaking up of a hard winter. I had the blues, and a ceaseless drumming and ringing in the ears, and a deadening oppression on the brain, and a horrible sense of suffocation. The weather was cold, and the gases from the villainous coal fire were stifling. Beside all these little inconveniences, my thoughts persistently ran on funerals and suicide. I was in a fit frame of mind for any desperate enterprise, and with a recklessness that even stirred a sort of dull admiration within me, I resolved to go and take a bath. In five minutes I was breasting the frosty wind and ploughing through the soft new snow, and in fifteen I stumbled upon the place where they keep the monster they call the Russian Bath. This was rather more than I bargained for, but I hesitated only a moment and went in. I went up-stairs, in the stylish building, and along a carpeted hall, and entered a large and sumptuously furnished and decorated drawing-room, with pictures hung round the walls, and a general air of comfort and luxury visible all about the place that could not be otherwise than exasperating to a man in my frame of mind. A very polite man entered my name in a book, taxed me a dollar and a quarter took charge of my watch and portemonnaie, gave me a ticket, and turned me over to an attendant, who conducted me into another part of the house and gave me a neat stateroom wherein to undress. When I came out of there, a fine healthy young descendant of Adam (I think he was a descendant of Adam, because he hadn't anything on but a fig-leaf made of a rag) took me into a large apartment that was as hot as sin, and gave me a basin of cold water to wash my face in, and a cup of ice water to drink, and then left me. The place had a latticed floor, and a great plunge-bath in the middle of it, and two long rows of high, broad marble benches running down the sides—a sort of stairways that reached half way up to the ceiling. The room began to fill with steam, and I began to sweat. I oozed drops of water from every pore as large as marbles—marbles of the small kind. I climbed up on one bench, and then on the next, and finally to the third—and the higher I went the hotter it got. The fog grew thicker and thicker, till the gaslights were only faint blurs in the mist. I could not breathe through my nose any more, because the steam was so thick; I had to inhale it through my mouth—and if I hadn't had a mouth like a ship's hatchway I must have suffocated anyhow. I was a little scared, thinking about steamboat explosions and such things, because I knew I was carrying about a hundred and sixty pounds of steam to the square inch, and if I ever shut down my throttle-valve for a single moment I was bound to collapse a flue. But it was a comfort to me to know that I had such a head on by this time that if I did let go I would be likely to blow the most of that bath-house over into Jersey somewhere. At this critical period Adam appeared, and I was uncommon glad to see him, notwithstanding he loomed so vaguely through the shrouding mist that I could not swear that I saw him at all. He put me under a cold shower-bath and turned a deluge loose on me. But it felt good. Next he laid me on a marble bench and soaped me and scrubbed me all over with an implement that was rough for a brush but soft for a curry-comb. I got another shower-bath after this, and then the outcast stood me up and shot me in the back with a spray of hot water that made me face around—well, quick, as you might say—and instantly shot me with a spray of ice water—and when I whirled again I caught a blast of hot air above, a spray of hot water below, and a jet of ice water like a thousand needles in the middle. This operation makes a man get around as spry as anything I know of. But it is exquisite torture. Then the inhuman Russian posted me in a corner and discharged a volley of boiling hot and ice-cold streams of water against every part of my body. To say that this makes a man frisky is to use language of unspeakable tameness. Then I was told to jump into the plunge bath. I said, with some irony, that if I was to go into a furnace next, and afterwards into an ice-chest, and then suffer an earthquake and be struck by lightning, I would prefer to tackle those outrages first and get them off my mind, if it would be all the same to the Russian Bath Company. But the foreigner said No, and looked perplexed—delicate sarcasm always perplexes a foreigner—and I plunged in. After this, I had to climb up on the marble benches and sweat and steam and cook again for fifteen minutes, and then Adam came back and put me through the same old complicated system of tortures again, winding up with a Niagara of a shower-bath that must have washed all my sins away—unless they had got caked on me—because I felt like a regenerated man a moment afterward. Adam took me into a room of gentler temperature next, and rubbed me with his hands and kneaded me all over with his knuckles as if I were dough; and sprung all my joints and tried to pull my limbs out by the roots. Then he brushed me gently all over with a soft brush, and finally sat me up and scratched and scratched and scratched my head for ten minutes with his finger nails, but I had him there—he never caught anything. I dressed and went into the drawing-room and got my valuables, and as the polite Superintendent insisted and insisted and insisted on my taking a drink with him—he asked me once, any way—I did take just a small taste to make him happy, and went my way. I appreciated that young man, because politeness to a stranger is rare in New York. The sharp wintry wind never felt so bracing or smelled so delicious as it did when I went striding up the street, and if there was anything dismal or cheerless about this old world it was not present to any of my senses then. The Russian bath will do.

RUBIES.

They brought me rubies from the mine,
And held them to the sun;
I said, they are drops of frozen wine
From Eden's vats that run.

I looked again—I thought them hearts
Of friends to friends unknown;
Tides that should warm each neighboring life
Are locked in sparkling stone.

But fire to thaw that ruddy snow,
To break enchanted ice,
And give love's scarlet tides to flow—
When shall that sun arise?

—*Emerson's "May Day."*

HARRIET HOSMER AND CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AT ROME.—Miss Hosmer is often seen in public here in Rome, at times driving a handsome carriage and span rapidly along the streets, at times on horseback, making her way (in which latter capacity she excels) to the meet of the fox-hounds on the Campagna. The pack this year is good, the sport fair, and the amusement very fashionable. Miss Hosmer is an expert rider, and both she and Miss Cushman are often seen going at a furious pace over walls, fences and ditches close upon the heels of the hounds. Each of these ladies has a strong and tireless energy, and a muscular physique which many men may well envy. They are gifted with wonderful endurance, which the latter has had occasion often to display upon the stage, and with which many of your readers are familiar. Both are thoroughly American, yet of strong and impressive individuality, that brings them out in striking contrast to the rest of society in Rome. Miss Cushman still continues to take the lead in social affairs; and though now in mourning, yet dispenses her old and abundant hospitality to her American friends in a quiet and genial way that is so pleasing to every stranger. She has always shown great kindness to artists, especially to those from her own country who have come here poor and friendless and needed a helping hand. In this connection, her generosity and devotion have been unlimited, and for it, if for nothing else, she deserves the gratitude of every American. Often has she infused her own courageous temperament into the despairing, and given them fresh energy to encounter the hardships that so often surround the beginning of an artist's career. And more than this, many a time has she bestowed from her own purse upon the deserving who were struggling with failing means the aid that was so much needed. Miss Cushman has a noble reputation in her own country for benevolence and public spirit, but nowhere can one appreciate so thoroughly as in Rome the good she has been so unwearying in doing.—*Cor. Boston Post.*

EARLY NEWSPAPERS.—Newspapers are by no means so recent an invention as we have fondly imagined, as the following extract from a late French work proves:

"As a specimen of novelty, in a field that was supposed to be entirely exhausted, a recent book by M. Pelorgerie is among the most interesting. It is entitled 'Bulletins of the Grand Army of Italy, commanded by Charles VIII., 1494-1495; from rare or unpublished documents drawn chiefly from the library at Nantes.' The chief curiosity in regard to these documents is, that they were printed, and constitute indeed the complete forerunners of the famous bulletins that Napoleon was accustomed to send from his grand army of Italy. The battle of Fournone had its journal, its official Monitor, in precisely the same way as the battle of Marengo. And this was less than fifty years after the invention of printing, at a time when, according to current ideas, the great art was used for no other purpose than to make copies of psalm books and of the ancient classics. This discovery of M. Pelorgerie proves, on the contrary, that newspapers sprang into existence almost at the cradle of printing, whose applicability to the diffusion of popular intelligence was perceived far earlier than has generally been supposed."

FUNERAL OF A BEE.—Many of our young readers may be pleased as well as surprised to learn that bees sometimes are careful to bury their dead companions with tenderness and honor. The Glasgow *Herald* says:

"On Sunday morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them a defunct body of a comrade, with which they flew for a distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk; the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth; and the solicitude with which they afterwards pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their task being ended, they paused for about a moment, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then flew away to their hive."

AWAKENING.

Long had he been a thing of common clay,
A being of earthly mold;
But lo! an angel crossed his path one day,
And turned the clay to gold.

Silent was he; the angel came again,
And, as she passed along,
She kissed his lips all lovingly, and then
He opened them in song.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PORTRAIT.—The portrait of Queen Victoria, to be presented to Mr. Peabody, has just been finished in London. It is painted in enamel, and is an oval miniature, fourteen inches by ten. The enamel is on a stout gold plate, and represents the Queen seated, half length, the arms and hands thrown out admirably from the black dress. Her Majesty wears the blue ribbon of the Garter and the George; she is represented in a Mary Stuart cap, surmounted by a coronet, and her black dress is relieved by a trimming of ermine. It is a good likeness of the Queen, and very handsomely framed in deep maroon velvet, ornamented with fine ormolu. Above the portrait are the royal arms, at each end the rose, thistle, and shamrock, and beneath the inscription which was given by the Queen herself—"Presented by the Queen to George Peabody, Esq., the Benefactor of the Poor of London.

INQUISITIVE.—All the inquisitive children are not confined to *Harper's Drawer*. A little three-year-old in this city, a few mornings since, stood by his mother's knee looking his baby brother—a few months old—in the face. At length he inquired, "Mamma, did God make the baby?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. Touching one of the organs to which he referred, with his finger, he continued—"Did God put on his little ears?" "Certainly, my child," said the mother. Waiting a minute as though in a brown study, or pondering some weighty problem, he again broke out—"Well, I don't see why God couldn't put some more hair on his head as well as put on his ears!"

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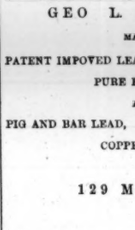

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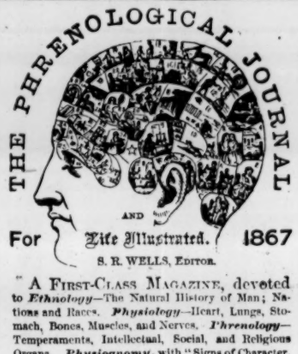

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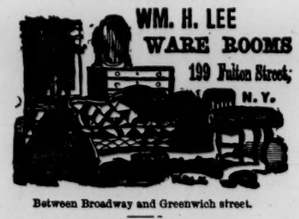

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